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THE
SHE-GALLANTS;
By Lewis A. French
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE
IN

Little-LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS,
BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

L O N D O N :

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THE
SHEPHERD

COMEDY

THEATRE

IN

THE LONDON THEATRE

BY

THE LONDON THEATRE



THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

THIS Play was Written by the Author above twelve Years past, without any design of becoming Publick, but only as an Exercise to learn to Write, at an Age when many are but beginning to Spell. It was afterwards accidentally communicated to some Persons, and begg'd by a Friend, who propos'd to make some Advantage by it, which was consented to upon Promise that the Author should never be nam'd. Thus it remain'd for some Years in other Hands, till at last the Author was importun'd to own it, or his Friend had been disappointed. Some few Alterations were

The Preface to the Reader.

made to suit it only to the present time of Acting; in every thing else the Play is the same as at first, even to the Songs, and the Epilogue as it is Printed. If his Friend has had a Third Day to his Satisfaction, it is all the end that the Author propos'd to himself: And if before the ordinary Age of Manhood, he shall be allow'd not to have been wholly Impotent, it is all the Commendation he expects. Of which the *Reader* is left to judge as he thinks fit.

Pro-

Prologue to the SHE-GALLANTS,
Spoke by Mr. Betterton.

As quiet Monarchs that on peaceful Thrones
In Sports and Revels long had reign'd like Drones:
Rousing at length, reflect with Guilt and Shame,
That not one Stroke had yet been giv'n for Fame;
Wars they proclaim, and to redeem the past,
To bold Attempts and rugged Labours haste.
Our Poet so: With like Concern reviews
The youthful Follies of his Love-sick Muse.
To amorous Toils, and to the silent Grove;
To Beauty's Snares, and to deceitful Love,
He bids Farewel: His Shield and Launce prepares,
And mounts the Stage, to bid Immortal Wars.

Vice, like some Monster, suff'ring none t' escape,
Has seiz'd the Town, and varies still her Shape.
Here, like a General, she struts in State,
While Crowds in Red and Blue her orders wait.
There, like some pensive Statesman, walks demure
And smiles and huggs, to make Destruction sure.
Now under high Commodore with Looks erect,
Bare-fac'd devours in gawdy Colours deckt.
Then in a Vizard, to avoid Grimace,
Allows all Freedom but to see the Face.

In Pulpits and at Bar, she wears a Gown;
In Camps a Sword, in Palaces a Crown.
Resolv'd to Combat with this Motly Beast,
Our Poet comes to strike One Stroke at least.

His Glass he means, not for this Filt or Beau,
Some Features of you all he hopes to show,
On chosen Heads, nor lets the Thunder fall,
But scatters his Artillery at All.

Yet to the Fair he fain would Quarter show,
His tender Heart recoils at every Blow.
If unawares he gives too smart a Stroke,
He means but to Correct, and not Provoke.

Persons Names.

M E N.

| | | |
|----------------|--------------------------|--|
| Mr. Betterton, | <i>Bellamour</i> | { Formerly contract- ed to <i>Angelica</i> , to be marry'd to <i>Lucinda</i> . |
| Mr. Hodgson, | <i>Philabel,</i> | |
| Mr. Thurman, | <i>Frederick</i> | In Love with <i>Lucinda</i> . |
| Mr. Underhill, | <i>Sir Toby Cusiffe,</i> | In Love with <i>Constantia</i> |
| Mr. Bowen, | <i>Sir John Acry,</i> | A Knight, a Pimp. |
| Mr. Dogget, | <i>Vauntor,</i> | { Two egregious Pops. |
| Mr. Bailie, | <i>Courtall,</i> | |
| | | Brother to <i>Constantia</i> . |

W O M E N.

| | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|--|
| Mrs. Barry, | <i>Lady Dorimen,</i> | <i>Aunt</i> to <i>Lucinda</i> , |
| Mrs. Bracegirdle, | <i>Angelica,</i> | { In Love with <i>Bella- mour</i> , Daughter to <i>Sir Toby</i> . |
| Mrs. Bootell, | <i>Constantia,</i> | |
| Mrs. Bowman, | <i>Lucinda,</i> | In Love with <i>Frederick</i> . |
| | <i>Diana,</i> | In Love with <i>Philabel</i> . |
| | <i>Melissa,</i> | { Sisters to <i>Frederick</i> . |
| | <i>Dorinda,</i> | |
| | <i>Miranda,</i> | |
| Mrs. Lee, | <i>Plackett,</i> | { Waiting-Woman to <i>Lady Dorimen</i> . |
| | | |

A Frenchman, that dresses Heads for Ladies.

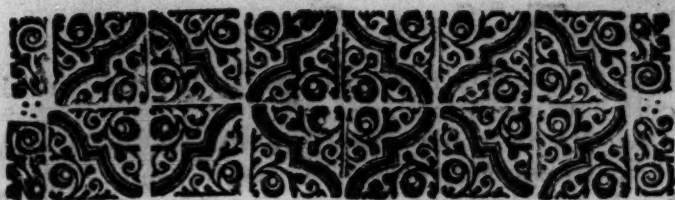
Women that sell *Indian Ware*.

Page and *Servants* to *Lady Dorimen*.

Dancers and *Fidlers*.

SCENE, St. JAMES's.

T H E



THE SHE-GALLANTS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Company walking to and fro as in the Mall.

Enter Angelica and Constantia in Man's Apparel.

Ang. repeating, { *Disguise your Inclinations as you can,
Yet every Woman's Business is a Man.*

Conf. Notwithstanding the Poet's Opinion, I declare for my part, I would have seen all Mankind at the Devil, before I'd have taken so much Pains for any one of 'em.

Ang. Ah *Constantia*! when once a Woman has got a Man in her Head ———

Conf. She never leaves till she has him ——— well, I say no more; but faith 'tis hard that Men should desert at this rate, and put us to such Pains to bring 'em back to their Colours.

Ang. An old *Roman*, as I have read, began an Oration to this Purpose: If we could break off all Communication with Women, we should be freed from many Troubles. Now, I say, if we Women would renounce Mankind, we should avoid many Evils, and be reveng'd for the past; for what could they do without us?

Conf. Not so fast neither ——— Rather what could we do without them?

Ang.

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Ang. It might be somewhat uneasy, I confess, but they would have the worst on't.

Cons. Not so much as you may imagine, for they have a thousand other Diversions : Nor would Love it self be altogether excluded ; for in this wicked Age a young, spruce, handsome Fellow, is become a Rival for a fine Woman. And I'll pawn my Breeches, and all that belongs to 'em, if in this Dress we are not as much courted by the Men themselves, as when we appear'd to be Women.

Ang. Fy, *Constantia*, thy Breeches have made thee strangely extravagant.

Cons. Why don't you see as we walk along, how they stop and look back——Demine' Jack, says one, a pretty young Fellow By *Jove* as good as a Wench—— And then a Lady with a languishing Cast, ogles over her Shoulder, and whispers her Companion I vow, my Dear, a most agreeable Creature. Upon my Reputation, such a Man is not at all my Aversion.

Ang. Of all the Conquests I have made in this Habit, that which pleases me best, is my Adventure with my Lady *Dorimen*. It is, you know, to her Niece *Lucinda*, that my Faithless *Bellamour* is to be marry'd ; wherefore if I can but get into her Ladyship's Family, and have some Power over her Inclinations, I hope to find an Expedient to break off a Match, which, if concluded, undoes me.

Cons. Exceeding Wise and Politick.

Ang. My trusty Friend and Counsellor in this Intrigue, (with Reverence be it spoken) is my own lewd old Father Sir *Toby Cusiffe*, with whom thus disguis'd, I have contracted a particular Intimacy : Whoring and Pimping have been always his Occupation——The kind Offices he does of that sort, make him every where a welcome Person. He knows me not, nor indeed is it possible he should, having left me at Ten Years old in the Country, at random, to the Care of an old Nurse, and never seen, nor scarce enquir'd after me since.

Cons. A hopeful Father truly.

Ang. How unkind soever he has been, if by his Assistance

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Assistance I can be so introduc'd to my Lady *Dorimen*, as to undermine *Bellamour*, and reclaim his Infidelity, he will then be a Father to me indeed; and I expect him here every Minute, to give me some Account of the Progress he has made in it.

Conf. This Father of yours is a most necessary Man, and has likewise been particularly useful to me upon a like occasion; for, to confess the Truth to you freely, there is some other meaning in my wearing Breeches, besides keeping you Company.

Ang. Indeed I always suspected some secret Self-interest in your Disguise, you put it on so willingly: But may not a Friend be inquisitive, and ask your Secret?

Conf. Yes, and be told it. Know then, my Dear, *Angelica*, that tho' in Publick I have been an Enemy declar'd to Love, yet we have held a private Correspondence together. And what may seem yet more *bizarre*, the Man in the World whom I have always us'd worst, is he whom I have lov'd best. I know what Dissemblers are Men, and am resolv'd to enquire thorowly into my Lover, before I discover my Inclinations. If I find *Frederick* loves me sincerely, and is a Man of Honour, I will then explain my self in his Favour: But if I prove him unworthy, my Aversion that is now but Pretence, shall be real, and he shall never so much as suspect that I have had the least good Thought of him.

Ang. This Caution is much to be prais'd, and the more because it is so very unusual to Love, and be discreet at the same time.

Conf. In pursuance therefore of this Design, I have already made a Friendship with him, passing for my own Brother *Courtall*, Whom every one knows to resemble me so entirely, that we have often, by change of Habits, been mistaken the one for the other. Thus have I many Opportunities to pry into his most secret Affections, to examine his Humour, and sound him to the Bottom: But the Jest on't is, that he has propos'd a cross Match to me, proffering me the Choice of his four Sisters, provided I will undertake to persuade *Constantia* to relent; to which I have agreed, and have

have accordingly made formal Address to all four.

Ang. How to all four!

Conf. Yes, and am hugely diverted; for, you must know, their Brother has strictly instructed 'em to be wanting in no kind of Encouragement: I never rise in a Morning, but I find my Toilette cover'd with Presents, Rings, Bracelets, Perfumes, and a World of fine Things: for which I make equal acknowledgments to all, and protest it most impossible to know which to chuse.

Ang. And are you not very malicious, to triumph in this manner over the Weakness of your own Sex? Besides, what can this exposing the Sisters profit any thing with the Brother?

Conf. O let me alone to manage it; if I fail in my Ends, I'll be bound to renounce my Petticoats for ever, and never to find any thing more substantial in Breeches than what you can give me: For your Plot I don't see how it can fail, for faith I could be in love with you my self, but that I know your Credentials are Counterfeit, and 'tis a false Pass which you shew.

Ang. Prithee tell me truly, what manner of a Man do I make?

Conf. A very Spark, upon Honour; and, to all outward Appearances, as much a Man as the best. Any thing that's well Periwig'd, and Powder'd, and Steenkirk'd, and Embroider'd, is a Man. Singing and Dancing, and Dress, is Breeding. Noise, Familiarity and Impertinence, is Wit. Whistling to one's self — as thus — or taking Snuff gravely — as thus — passes for Thought, and serious Consideration: And all this put together, is a Man.

Ang. At least as much as is necessary for us two at this time — but however, one is a little Awkard at first — How do I Walk?

Conf. Ha, an Air *sere & determinée*

(*They strut about the Stage.*)

Ang. And then my Legs, *Constantia*.

Conf. 'Tis true, the Ladies love good Supporters — They'll do, they'll do, 'Sbud fear nothing.

Ang. Why how now Bully, what, thou swear'st too?

Conf.

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II

Conf. Damn your Whinings and Formalities: "Confound me, Madam, I adore you; Thunder rivet me, I must enjoy you ——— How much better this sounds than ——— Durst I presume, Madam; or might I be permitted ——— 'Zoons, how many a modest Fool has lost his Longing, for want of Damning, Sinking, and Confounding handsomely, and like a Gentleman.

Ang. Peace, Madcap ——— here comes my old bawdy Father, according to Appointment.

Enter Sir Toby, who runs and embraces them.

Sir Toby. My *Ganimed* ——— My *Hylas* ———

Ang. My *Jupiter*.

Conf. My *Hercules*.

Sir Toby. My dear little Sparks of Love, let me kiss ye. You're lucky Rogues both ——— Wrapt in your Mothers Smocks begad ——— There's not a Lady in Town but lies at your Mercy ——— (*to Ang.*) For your Part, my little *Cupid*, my Lady *Dorimen's* your own, the least Thrust throws her flat egad, just you know how ——— I met her this Minute, and she gave me such a Look, such sweet ogles, as thus d'ye see, and thus; so very dying egad, it made my Heart ache to see it.

Ang. Alas! poor Lady ——— If she languishes in earnest, she knows her Remedy, *Sir Toby*.

Sir Toby. And that's heartily said i' faith: Well, she for a willing Mistress, and old *Toby* for a hearty Pimp, I'll say't we are the best in Christendom: But hark ——— I had like to have forgot ——— This 'tis to have so much Occupation at a time ——— (*to Conf.*) see here my Mark. ——— *Anthony*.

(Pulls out a Bracelet.)

Twice twenty slender Virgin Fingers twine

This curious Web, where all their Fancies shine.

Your four Mistresses beg you to accept of this Bracelet, 'tis the Work of all four, compos'd of their own Hairs, and wrought with their own Hands,

Conf.

Conf. A thousand Thanks, dear Sir Toby — all your Offices are friendly.

Sir Toby. Hush! hush! who comes here? What, a swarm of Beaux and Froes?

ena III. (Company continuing to walk in the Mall.)

My Lord, your Lordship's — Madam, your most obedient — That's my little Lord Wagfan — That's fine Mrs. Wrigglebum.

Sir John Airy, Vaunter, and Ladies crossing over, Sir Vaunter, runs to Sir Toby.

Vaun. Ha, Chevalier Jerny, dear Rogue, let me kiss thee.

Sir John Airy. Dear Toby, let me kiss thee. Thou'lt excuse me, Geddemme', that I don't stay with thee, but the Ladies would never forgive me: Let me go this once, and I'll make what haste I can to come to thee again, begged. (Exeunt singing.)

na II. Sir Toby. Let thee go? Who the Devil keeps thee. —

Aug. What Fools are those, Sir Toby?

Sir Toby. Such Fools as are to be seen, but not to be describ'd; adzooks, the Town swarms with them; one is call'd Vaunter, and the other Sir John Airy, Fops with great Estates; Cullies to the Women, and Bubbles to the Men. — But who have we here? —

Ay, 'tis she her self by Jove. — My Lady Dorimen in propria Persona; with her Niece Lucinda; and just behind 'em my little Courtall, your four Cleopatra's; stay you and meet them, while we follow my Lady Dorimen. — Make your best Leg — bow, bow, and let her pass, we'll catch her the next turn.

ena V. (Lady Dorimen, Lucinda, Placket cross over the Stage; Sir Toby and Angelica follow.)

Enter Diana, Melissa, Dorinda, and Miranda; Constantia joins them with the Bracelet in her Hand.

Conf. repeating.

}

As Nature, them so they this Shade ha
(wrough
Soft as their Hand, and various as thei
(Thought

And

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And did you think my Heart, Ladies, not enough your own, before that you had sent me this pretty Chain to bind it faster.

Diana. The Ladies who sent you this Bracelet, sure meant it for a Reproach, and not for a Favour; and it seems to say, *Unconstant Man, can no one Colour please you?*

Conf. Truly, Madam, I made a more favourable Interpretation, and concluded, that the Ladies who have been so kind to present me their Hair, meant to deliver up their Strength with it.

Mel. You Men interpret every thing with Vanity to your selves.

Conf. Alas, Madam, take away Hope and Vanity you kill us; they are the Cordials that kind Nature has provided for our Comfort upon all occasions of Disgrace and Discouragement.

Dor. If Vanity could keep you alive, the Men of this Age are so stock'd, they would be Immortal.

Dia. Really, Sister, we give our Lover too many occasions to feed his Vanity, see how plump and ruddy it keeps him.

Mel. Let us resolve then for the future, to be seen only in Frowns.

Dia. Till we make him look like a Lover in earnest.

Mir. A Lover in earnest would be a strange sight indeed.

Dor. As strange as many other things that are often discours'd of, but never seen.

Dia. Love is the pretence of all Mankind, as common in their Mouths. —

Mir. as Snuff in their Noses; —

Dor. But is never to be found in their Hearts.

Mel. Besides Men are grown such self-enamour'd Things, that they neither like nor love any but themselves.

Conf. And what is the whole World sway'd by, but self-affection? the Courtier sides with the great Man in hopes of Preferment; the great Man is diligent about his Prince, because he rises by him; and there is scarce a Priest who serves God, but for the sake of a Benefice.

B

Dor.

Dor. Pray, are not your Lovers the same? For when a Man pretends a Passion; what is it he intends but to content his own Desires? You seek not to give, but to receive Pleasure, and that you call Love. — Love of your selves, indeed.

Mir. The Friendship, Loyalty, Religion, and Love of Men serve only to cover private Ends.

Dia. And the Virtues of Mankind are all but Vices in disguise.

Conf. Very smart and satyrical; 'tis pity Ladies, but this Humour of Bitterness were encourag'd; what say you to an *extempore* Lampoon by word of Mouth upon the whole Mall?

All Women. With all our Hearts.

Dia. Really nothing's so diverting, as to rail at Folks behind their Backs.

Conf. See yonder for the Purpose, a Legion of Lords and Ladies tossing their Heads, and jetting their Tails; — let's follow, and be exceeding severe.

All Women. We'll not spare a Man.

Conf. Nor I a Woman.

(*Exeunt*)

Enter Lucinda and Placket.

Lucin. We'll take a turn or two by our Selves: My Aunt is among the Men, and won't miss us. Did you deliver the Note I sent *Bellamour*?

Plac. Yes, Madam, but I vow it went against my Heart.

Lucin. The Truth is, he has been so arrogant of late especially since he thought there were no longer any Obstacles to our Marriage, that I begin to be tir'd of him; and when a Woman begins to be tir'd of a Man whilst he is a Lover, she has but little Encouragement to take him for a Husband.

Plac. But there is this to be consider'd, Madam, you have your Aunt's Instructions to love him; you have given him your self great Encouragement; the whole Town has talkt of it, and what can you expect the World will think?

Lucin.

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Lucin. Why let it think ; this fear of the World destroys all the Satisfactions of Women's Life : Hang the World, a Woman that minds what the World thinks or says, had better never have been in the World.

Plac. But What can be the reason of this sudden Alteration ?

Lucin. I confess the Absence of *Philabel* had almost made me forget him, and I began insensibly to feel a kind of Inclination for *Bellamour* : If my old Lover had not return'd, I might have made my new one the happy Man ; but since I hear *Philabel* came last Night to Town, I find my self more inclin'd to my rst Promise than my last, and in this have only acted like a Woman of the Age ; if one Lover had fail'd, I entertain'd another in case of Necessity.

Plac. Then you are resolv'd to break with poor Mr. *Bellamour*.

Lucin. Not absolutely break with him, but suspend my Resolution till I know how *Philabel* continues inclin'd ; for as I told you before, I must not lose both ; and tho' the Uneasiness and Jealousy of *Bellamour's* Temper has lost him some Part of my good Will, he is yet in the Ballance.

Plac. Well, I vow Madam, methinks nothing's so pleasing as to see one's Lover jealous ; sometimes in Fury, then presently at your Feet ; now raging to part, then submissive for a Reconciliation ; for what's a Woman's Pow'r unless she could master a Lover of all Humours ?

Lucin. Yes, I would master him : I would have my Lover my Slave ; a thing cast to please and obey me ; like my Glove, to draw on or off as I think fitting ; but then this Lover must not be jealous ; that shews too much like a Contention for the Mastery ; every Look and Action is to be enquir'd into, and a strict Account exacted of all that's done or said . No give me the Lover that's free, who never pries into my Affairs, who has his Secrets, and lets me have mine ; for so all private Reck'nings are handsomely discharg'd, no matter for the rest, what's the Husband for me.

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Plac. But while you suffer so much main Stock to be spent Abroad, there must needs run a great deal behind-hand to you. Lord! I should be so sorry to see you pick up a Husband from a Side-box at a Play, or the Gallery at St. James's Church, and so after the first Year be forc'd to live in the *Fleet*, or the *King's Bench*.

Lucin. And why not, rather than marry a dull, fat Fool, With a great Estate, whose Faculties are all choak'd up with Flegm; a Lump, whose only sign of Life is sweating; we may melt his Grease, but not extract one wholesome Drop out of him. — No, give me a Man without a Fortune, rather than a Fortune without a Man. I had rather beg with a brisk, lively, young Fellow, than reign with a heavy, bloated, over-grown Blockhead.

Plac. Your Aunt, Madam.

Enter Lady, Dorimen, Sir Toby, Angelica, as in Discourse.

Lady Dor. Sir Toby, you have been marry'd your self, as great an Antagonist to Marriage as you pretend to be; and as I have heard, was so pious a Husband, that in Honour to your Wives Memory, you spent a thousand Pounds in her Funeral.

Sir Toby. Yes, Madam, for Joy, and would have spent five times that Sum to have purchas'd so glorious a Day.

Ang. Methinks you should at least express more respect for a Condition of Life, which this young Lady has determin'd so suddenly to make Choice of her self.

Lucin. Not so fully determin'd, Sir, but I shall take some time to consider of it.

(Lady Dorimen takes Sir Toby aside.)

Lady Dor. Sir Toby, if you please, a word with you in private.

Ang. to Lucin.) This would be very ill News, Madam, for Mr. Bellamour, Whose Impatience must needs be great to be possess'd of so much Happiness.

Enter Bellamour, observing them.

Lucin. I am not, I assure you, in such haste for a Husband, as to venture any part of my own Repose to satisfy Mr. Bellamour's Impatience.

Bell. coming up.) And do you think it such a venture, Madam?

Lucin.

Lucin. There is no judging of Men, Mr. *Bellamour*, by what they appear to be, while they Court us.

Bell. Give me leave, Madam, to add, nor of Women, while they are courted (*softly to her*) at least unconstant Woman, if I may compare your former Encouragements, with your Indifference to Day.

(*Lady Dorimen talking aside with Sir Toby.*)

Lady Dor. But are you sure he is such a one, as a Lady may with safety repose her Honour in his Hands?

Sir Toby. Her Honour, ay, adzooks, or any thing else that she has.

To *Ang.*) Hark ye, young Gentleman, my Lady desires to know if you are a Gamester; she wants a Man sometimes to pass an Evening, or so, at *Piquette* — You understand me.

Ang. You might have answer'd for me; I'll never stick out at any Game my Lady shall propose.

Sir Toby. Look ye, Madam, he will never stick out; and adzooks, I think that's as much as any reasonable Woman can desire.

Lady Dor. Sir *Toby*, shall I venture my self a turn with you and your Friend alone: Neice you won't be angry to be left with Mr. *Bellamour*, your Servant; we shall meet the next turn.

(*Bellamour bows* — *Exeunt Lady Dorimen, Sir Toby, and Angelica.*)

Bell. Yes, Women are unintelligible to the most piercing and quick-sighted: Nothing is sincere in whatever they say or do: They are all Artifice and Disguise; resolving and altering without Sense or Reason; nothing is constant either in their Minds, or in their Bodies. As these are a Prey to Age and Infirmities so are those to every frivolous Interest and idle Temptation. There Love is never so firm and well establish'd, but it is sacrific'd every Hour to their Folly, or their Pride.

Lucin. Enough, enough, Mr. *Bellamour*, — if these are your Opinions of our Sex, how are you to be believ'd, when you say you love us? For how can any thing so deform'd, as you describe Women, be beloved.

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Bell. There iss a secret Enchantment in your Persons that bewitches u to our own Destruction. ——— Inconstant *Lucinda*, after so many obliging Encouragements ! Why was this cruel Letter sent me this Morning ?

READS.

YOU have been too confident of my Consent ; pres^ume no longer on my Aunt's Authority : My Heart is yet my own, and while it continues so, my Person shall never be dispos'd of. ——— Come not near me to Day.

Speaks.) Why am I thus abus'd ?

Lucin. Come not near me to Day. ——— Mark that Command. Why am I disobey'd ?

Bell. If any Mistake has happen'd to cause this Alteration, or if in ought unknowing I've transgressed, may I not be permitted to clear Innocence ?

Lucin. To make your self more guilty, is that to clear your Innocence ? I will have you take Notice, that I expect to obey'd in every Trifle : Let my Commands seem never so unjust or unreasonable, I say, I will be obey'd ; nor will I have my Lover dare to examine the Reason, of what I do, but submit patiently and expect with Resignation : While I am your Mistress, learn to behave your self like my Vassal ; When I am your Wife, you may have your Revenge.

(*Re-enter Lady Dorimen, Angelica, and Sir Toby.*)

Sir Toby. Well, I'll say't, of a Critick, my Lady *Dorimen's* the Critick of Criticks.

Bell. *aside to Lucin.*) There is a secret Mystery in your Words and Actions, that must be explain'd, ——— but this is no time for it, ——— your Company returns ——— I know not how to suspect your Virtue, and therefore I entreat you, Madam, if I have in any thing ignorantly offended, condemn me not unheard.

(*Bows, and is going.*)

Lady. Dor. Stealing off : Mr. *Bellamour*, do we drive you away ?

Bell. I beg your Ladyship to excuse me, I will wait on you the next turn.

[*Seems to go out, but turns short, and talks aside to the Maid.*]

Lady

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Lady Dor. Neice, what have you been doing to Mr. Bellamour? He seem'd to leave us in a strange Disorder.

Ang. He looks already with the careful Face of a marry'd Man.

Lucin. He's in one of his splenatick Fits: 'Tis an Affection the Men have got to disguise ill Humour, and ill Manners.

Ang. See he's return'd, and is whispering with your Maid

Sir Toby. Giving her some private Directions, Madam, where you may see the Pearl Necklace, the Diamond Locketts and Pendants, and the Plate for your Toilet that are to be presented upon the Wedding-day.

Ang. That if there is any thing amiss, such Alterations may be made before hand as are suitable to your own Fancy,

Lucin. Rather bribing my Maid, to discover to him who are my Visitants, what Correspondences I keep, and a thousand such jealous Enquiries.

(*Plackett talking aside to Bellamour.*)

Plac. He a Rival! What should my Mistress do with such a Whiffler? He signifies no more to a Woman, than a Fly to a Camel.

Bell. Mrs. Plackett, I repose entirely upon your Sincerity, and shall gratefully reward all your Services.

(*Exit Bellamour.*)

Lady Dor. Plackett come hither; what has Mr. Bellamour been whispering to you?

Plac. Nothing, Madam, but only to know whether my young Lady designs for the Play or the Park, that he may accordingly order his Business to be where she is to be ogl'd.

Lady Dor. Some such amorous Enquiry I durst have sworn — Neice, is not our time come to be going?

Lucin. When your Ladyship pleases.

Ang. The Park, Madam, is still full. —

Lady Dor. An invincible Necessity obliges us at this time.

Ang. That invincible Necessity is infinitely disobliging.

Sir Toby. We must not part, Madam, but at your Coach-side.

Ang. Sir Toby, you are one of these happy Men who have leave to go any where with the Ladies. Sir

Sir Toby. Ah Child, they'll let me go as far as their Lap-Dogs or Squirrels; the Doctor or the Midwife. Alas! I may peep where I please: An Old Man is like a Beast tam'd, my Paw frights no Body.

(*Exeant, leading the Ladies*.)

ACT II. SCENE I

The Scene of the PARK continues.

Enter Frederick, Diana, Melissa, Dorinda, Miranda.

Fred. LOVE is an universal Invader: Whatever Women pretend, they are all sensible alike; the best Livers as much as the loosest Prostitutes; only with this difference, those whom we call Virtuous and Chaste, have more Pride, or greater force of Dissimulation.

Dia. Really, Brother, you're a strange Man: I say 'tis impossible for a Woman to be in Love, and I'll maintain it.

Mel. In Love! Lord, with what! with a filthy Man! Phogh.

Dor. With a stiff Beard that fetches Blood with every Kiss.

Mel. A great pot Belly, a broad Back, and huge Legs and Arms, enough to squeeze one to pieces.

Fred. There's another sort of Man, my good Sisters, that, perhaps, may not be so disagreeable: I mean your smooth Beau, who's as tender and gentle as any Lady; always trickt and perfum'd like a Lady; and were it not for his Breeches, a very Lady.

Dia. Really I should as soon have a Passion for a Shadow.

Mir. Truly, Sisters, methinks you're too nice; I have seen very proper handsome Men of all sorts and sizes.

Dia. Really, Sister, such a Confession does not become the Mouth of one who values her Reputation.

Mel. Men are odious Creatures I vow, and I'll live and die in the Assertion.

Fred. Young Courtall will soon make Profelytes of you all.

Dia. He! Harmless insignificant Thing. *Fred.*

The SHE-GALLANTS. 21

Fred. One of you, if you love me, must love him. I have already told you how passionately I adore his Sister, and that he has promised to put me in Possession of her, whenever one of you four will consent to be his Wife. Upon this Article depends my Life and Happiness; if not perform'd, I am miserable; but if perform'd, am blest for ever.

Dia. To save a Brother's Life, really much should be done; but, I vow, a Man is strangely my Aversion.

Mel. True, Sister; but when a Brother's Life's in Jeopardy.

Fred. To Day he has promis'd to determine which of the four is most his Inclination; wherefore I beseech her whom ever it is he fixes upon, to consider she has a Brother's Life and Fortune in her Hands.

Dia. If I am the Person, really I cannot agree to it, unless you confess that you are verily persuaded that I consent out of pure Love and Kindness to you, and not any Carnal Affection to the Man — And I don't at all doubt but I am the Person.

Mel. You the Person?

Dor. Sure he has more Wit than to chuse the Oldest.

Dia. The Oldest? You insipid Creature —

Fred. Pray cease these untimely Dissentions.

Enter a Boy to Frederick.

Boy. Mr. Courtall, Sir, is at your Honour's House, and has directed me to acquaint the young Ladies, that he will wait there till they have done walking.

Fred. Tell him they are coming — (Exit Boy, Your Lover is waiting for you at Home; I find he cannot be very disagreeable to you, since you are so ready to quarrel for him.

Dia. For Him! Really, Brother, if you think so, I will concern my self no more in this Affair; my Sisters might fall out for the Man, but I vow my Disorder proceeded from nothing but an inordinate desire to be the Instrument of your Happiness.

Fred. Pray no more Words — Go Home, agree among your selves, and make me happy, by making Courtall so. [Exeunt Women.

How

How awkwardly we strive to conceal our Passions! [*Solus.*
And how apparent is the Love of these Women, in spite
of their affected Aversion! It is as hard to hide True
Love, as to dissemble Feign'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir John Aery and Vaunter.

Sir J. Aery. *Lucinda* to be marry'd to *Bellamour*!
Geddemme', as I hope to be sav'd, sure she wont serve me
so: But hang't all Women are Jilts, and I don't care this
pinch of Snuff who has her.

Vaun. Nor I, Beged; for I have taken pains to make
the Town believe I have had her, and, Beged, that's all I
desire with any Woman.

Sir J. Aery. And, Demme, she has made me believe a
thousand times that I should have her; for by all the
great Gods and the little, she never sees me, but the laughs
full in my Face; and if to smile is a sign of being pleas'd,
Beged to laugh is at least as much again.

Vaun. Well interpreted, dear *Sir Jecky*, Beged; for
wherever I go, I observe every body laugh, and I always
us'd to take it for an Affront.

Sir J. Aery. That's very foolish, Geddemme': Now,
I never take any thing for an Affront. If a Man calls
me Son of a Whore, Begad I always take it for a mark of
Familiarity and Kindness. If any one kicks, or gives
me a Box on the Ear, I take it all in good part. A very
good Jest, i'faith, and I laugh till I hold my sides.

Vaun. Thou'rt i'th' right, Beged; for why the Devil
should I suppose any Man would affront a Man of my
Parts? Beged, 'tis less'ning one's self, and I thank thee,
dear *Jecky*, from my Soul, for reforming me in this Er-
ror: But prithee tell me, dear *Aery*, didst thou ever speak
to *Lucinda*, that she has given thee such hopes?

Sir J. Aery. Speak to her, Geddemme', No: Was
ever any thing so foolish? What signifies speaking? If
speaking would do, why none but Men of Sense would be
happy; and when the Devil didst thou ever know a Man
of Sense well receiv'd by a Woman?

Vaun. That's true, by all the great Gods and the little;
for I have observ'd all my Life, that my Guilt Coach and
Six Horses, and Footmen in Lace-Liveries, have got me

more

more Women, than all my fine Speeches; and Beged I know what to say too as well as another.

Sir J. Aery. Geddemme', Paux there is more Rhetorick in a Tune on the Flute passionately play'd, or a Song languishingly humour'd, than in all *Cicero*. And tho' I can speak Sense as well as another, yet Demme, I'm too well-bred to offend the Ladies — But prithee, dear *Vaunter*, tell me how thou hast made the Town believe thou hast had *Lucinda*; for Beged, that's a pretty sort of Vanity that I should be exceeding fond of.

Vaun. Why, Beged, no otherwise than thus: At Church I always sit in the same Pew; at the Play, in the same Box; at the Musick-meeting, I contrive to be the next Man to her, and never fail to lead her out upon all these occasions. In the Park, I turn as she turns; I go out when she goes out; I drive by her Coach, then stop, and go softly, till she goes by again; then gallop, Beged, till I overtake her once more; and so twenty times together, ogling like a Devil till I see where she alights, there I alight too; and, Beged, she never makes a Visit, but I am up Stairs as soon as she. The World takes notice of these Affiduties, and being always glad of any Opportunity to defame, my Happiness is every where publish'd; my Friends give me joy of my Success, which I receive with an O Gad, why should you think so? What can a Woman see in me? This Town is a strange Place, that a Man can do nothing in secret, Geddemme, I can't imagine how this came to be found out; for, Beged, I took all the care in the World to be discreet, but these foolish Women always betray themselves — And so Geddemme, half a avowing, and half denying, I palm my self upon a Woman —

Sir J. Aery. That would sooner spit in thy Face, than let thee kiss her —

Vaun. Ha! Ha! Ha! Right, Geddemme, as I hope to be sav'd; and thus I got the Name of the Ladies fine Gentleman.

Sir J. Aery. But prithee, dear *Vaunter*, wilt not thou look like an Afs, when the World knows another Man has got thy suppos'd Mistress from thee?

Vaun.

Vaun. Demme not at all, for I'll swear I gave my consent, and that the Fool has nothing but my Leavings; and that I was seeking some handfom occasion to get rid of her, and, Beged, you know the Town is always ready to believe any ill that's said of a Woman: But however, Geddemme', if I could meet with this *Bellamour*, I should be provok'd to forbid the Banes, Beged, by mincing the Dog to Atoms.

Sir J. Aery. Say'st thou so, Bully-Rock, Beged yonder he comes — And but that it would not be like Men of Honour for two to fall upon one, I'd stay and help thee; so dear *Vaunter*, fare thee well.

Vaun. Demme, *Aery*, thou wilt not leave me so — See, there comes a spruce Prigg with him that thou shalt mince.

Sir J. Aery. I'm heartily sorry, dear *Vaunter*, that I can't serve thee; but, Beged, I engag'd my Person but last Night to a great Lady for all this Day, and my Person not being my own at this time, dear *Rogue*, you must needs excuse me. Besides, my Lady *Gobble* tipt me the Wink justnow to follow her.

Vaun. Now I think better on't, why a Devil should I make a Noise of this Matter? That would look to the World like resenting some Disappointment; and, Demme, I scorn the World should think I was ever disappointed — But I'll tell thee what I'll do better, I'll write her a Letter by the Penny-Post, that shall give such a Character of him as shall infallibly do his Business; so, dear *Aery*, let's about it, and then come back, and rally the poor Dog to death. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Bellamour and Angelica.

Bell. Women grow troublesome when they are so fond: Your Cousin *Angelica* might have spar'd you this trouble; I'd as live see a Ghost, as receive a remembrance from a Cast Mistress.

Ang. You say you lov'd her once, and it is by that Love she now conjures you not to give way to any other Passion which will make her desperate; and you perjured.

Bell. I should be sorry to make a Lady desperate, but if to change a Mistress is Perjury, who is innocent?

Ang.

The SHE-GALLANTS.

25

Ang. What Reason can you give for your Change?

Bell. Faith none at all: Our Inclinations are our Masters, and we wander but as our Stars lead us: if they are false Lights, and shew us out of the way, let them answer for't. It was my Fortune to see *Angelica*, and to love her. It was my Fortune to be absent from her, and to forget her: What is there new in all this? I confess she has Beauty and Wit, and I wish her a great deal of Happiness; but there is a Luck which over-rules all, the Deserving are not always the Successful.

Ang. Sure Fortune will never side with Falshood and Perjury

Bell. O you mistake Fortune: Fortune is, as it were; an Hospital for Villany and Folly, where all are provided for, whom Nature has maim'd and disfigur'd. Mark every rude unpolish'd Owl you meet, he's sure to be some Minion of Fortune's; and every nauseous ill-favour'd Hagg, is not her Name a Fortune? The Children of this World have all different Portions; some have Wit, others Beauty,; But where there is no Merit to be found, those have Fortune, which is the Cordial Drop prescrib'd by Providence to comfort 'em, for the severity and unkindness of Nature.

Ang. And so by consequence, because my Cousin *Angelica* has some Merit, therefore she must be unfortunate.

Bell. Besides, to confess the Truth, I cannot but think two Years Absence has made as great an Alteration in her, as in me: Women are seldom behind-hand with us, and two Years was time enough for a Woman to have chang'd two dozen of Lovers.

Ang. And is this the best Answer she is to expect from you?

Bell. It is. Yet, if you please, you may give it some kinder turn: I would not deal too roughly with one whom I had once lov'd, and whose Beauty and Virtues I still admire; therefore, pray, chuse the gentlest Terms you can to comfort her, and advise her to forget one who cannot but confess he has been ungrateful.

Ang. And if 'tis possible, she shall hate as much as ever lov'd you.

Bell. Not hate me: I would not have her hate me, only not love so much; and not injure her self by any Extravagance of Passion, nor by any over fondness be burthen-some to me,

W.

Enter Sir John Aery and Vaunter.

Sir J. Aery. Ha, *Bellamour*! Give thee Joy, dear Rogue; give thee Joy. The Town says thou'rt going to be marry'd, 'tis talk'd of Geddemme, by every Body at the Chocolate-House.

Vaun. By all the great Geds, and the little, is the Man possess'd, to condemn himself for all the Days and Nights of his Life to one Body, to be bound never to change her, tho' she change never so much, tho' she grow never so old, so odious, so stinking, and ill favour'd, phogh, Geddemme, to live under an eternal Persecution?

Sir J. Aery. Let me be torn by wild Horses, wrack'd alive, bury'd quick; but save me, Heaven, save me from this Holy Inquisition call'd Marriage, beged.

Ang. aside. These Fools for once may be useful; I'll encourage the Humour — Do not you know, Mr. *Bellamour*, that let the Person be never so lovely, or so much belov'd, as soon as she becomes your Wife, the Charms ends? Like enchanted Palaces that we approach with Admiration, but in the instant when we think we are entring into Paradise, we find our selves in some dark Dungeon inhabited by Toads and Adders.

Sir J. Aery. Do not you know, Geddemme, that let a Person be never so much an Angel before Enjoyment, she is the Devil afterwards?

Ang. Perhaps, by the continual Presence of the Person, by considering her deliberately, and examining her in all Lights, we find many things wanting to our first Expectation. Perhaps a quiet and peaceable Enjoyment of any thing makes it the less valued: Or it may be by a frequent and customary Commerce, the Pleasures of the Sense lose their Quickness and Vivacity.

Vaun. Women are Riddles, Geddemme, past all expounding.

Ang. To Day they are one thing.

Sir J. Aery. To Morrow another.

Vaun. Constant to nothing.

Ang. A Compound of Whimfies, toss'd to and fro by many Humours, as the Ocean by Winds.

Sir J. Aery. Geddemme, there is no Woman's Mind but is past a Man's understanding.

Vaun.

Vaun. There is no being certain of what is always uncertain, beged.

Ang. And in a Country full of Precipices, who but Mad-men will leap blindfold? In a word, I can imagine no such lively Emblem of Marriage, as the Punishment for Parricides among the Ancients; where the Offender was sow'd into a Bag with a Monkey, a Dog, and a Serpent; these three Companions truly represented the Character of a Wife; who is an eternal Chatterer, and full of Tricks like a Monkey; or howling or snarling like a Dog; or with a forked Tongue and invenom'd Teeth, stinging and biting like a Serpent.

Sir J. Aery. But perhaps the poor Dog has a mind to a Son and Heir, and to see himself growing up in a little Monkey-fac'd Representative; but hark ye, my dear Friend *Bell.* take this Saying of the Poet's along with you, and treasure it up;

Though Solomon with a thousand Wives,

To get a wise Successor, strives;

But one, and he a Fool, survives, Goddemme.

Bell. Gentlemen, I thank you; I was once beginning to be very angry, but I find so much reason in your Remonstrances, that I esteem my self much oblig'd to you. The Counsel of Fools is not be despis'd when 'tis good; and so your Servant. *(Exit Bellamour.)*

Sir J. Aery. Goddemme, Fools! who does the unmanly Puppy mean?

Vaun. Beged, not me; for all the World knows I am none.

Ang. I am much mistaken, Gentlemen, if he did not mean you both. *(aside)* Two such Originals I never saw.

Sir J. Aery. Demme, a very smart Lad. — Dear Rogue, let me kiss thee.

Vaun. Ay, dear Rogue, let me kiss thee, for thou and I must be better acquainted. Beged, thou'rt a Rump-Jewel for a Prince.

Ang. By your leave, Gentlemen, these Lips are reserv'd for better Occasions.

Sir J. Aery. Ah, *petit Malitieux*! I never saw a *Steen-kirk* better put on.

Enter Sir Toby and Philabel.

Vaun. *Sir Toby Cusiffe*, my most illustrious Patron, great Master of the Mysteries of Pimperlimpimp, Geddemme, your humble Servant.

Sir J. Aery. My dear Brother Knight Baronet, your humble Servant, Beged.

Sir Toby. Adzookers, when I have such Servants, they shall never be seen without broken Heads.

Sir J. Aery. A very good Jest; by the great Geds and the little. ——— Let me kiss thee.

Sir Toby. Stand off you Cur, ——— thy Breath smells farther than a Brick-kiln.

Sir J. Aery. Demme, thou'rt so pluguy witty. ——— but, what Fool do'st think I have been rallying to Death?

Sir Toby. I see no Fool, adzooks, here, but *Vaunter*.

Sir J. Aery. No, Demme, a greater Fool than *Vaunter*.

Sir Toby. Thy self.

Sir J. Aery. Thou'lt make me angry one time or other with these true Jests, Geddemme.

Sir Toby. Geddemme thou li'st, thou can'st not be angry. [He Ganes him.

Sir J. Aery. Nay, prithee don't be so damnable witty: Pox, I hate these Jests that make one's Sides ake without Laughing.

Ang. Spare him, good *Sir Toby*, for this time, he has been lately very useful.

Sir J. Aery. By your leave, Geddemme, I'll tell my own Merits. You must know then, *Bellamour* has been here; poor Fellow, how we rally'd him; never was Dog with a Bottle at his Tail so persecuted: For as you know, and as all the Town knows, for if 'twere a Secret no body should know, and how it came not to be a Secret, Geddemme if I know; for upon these occasions I am always Mum; ——— but Women, beged, are strange indiscreet Things, and a Man can't be always stopping their Mouths; Geddemme. ———

Vaun. Dear Rogue, how I adore him, he speaks like an Angel, beged.

Sir,

Sir J. Aery. As I was saying then, to omit all farther Tropes and Figures, Circumstance of Elocution, and Flower of Circumlocution.——Bellamour is going to be married to Lucinda.——Now this Lucinda, beged, Vaunter and I have had twenty times.——

Vaun. Ay, beged, a thousand, whenever we thought fit, by the great Geds and the little.

Phil. Why, you Brace of Toads, whose Breath is Poyson.——

Sir Toby. Ye Vermin, that live by gnawing upon the Reputation of Ladies.—— (They beat 'em.

Sir J. Aery and Vaunter.) Demme, no more of these Jestts, or we'll keep you Company no longer.

(They run out.

Phil. Rascals,——Vipers.——

How unhappy are Women, whose Fame depends on the Breath of such Fools!

Sir Toby. Rather unhappy, adzooks, for trusting their Fame with such Fools. And now, Noble Colonel, give me leave to present you to this young Friend of mine:——a pretty Fellow, as you see, and worth a better Acquaintance. This my little Spark of Love, is Colonel Philabel, a brave merled Fellow, newly arrived from Flanders, where he has been most Heroickly, adzooks, learning to ride——the Flying-Horse in a Dutch Troop.

Phil. I shall be glad of your Acquaintance, Sir, and desire to be look'd upon as your Friend.

Sir Toby. Pox o'Speeches,——Kiss you Rogues,——Kissing makes the best Friends;——one Kiss is worth half a dozen Speeches; Pox o'Speeches,——would 'twere a Girl, old Phil. ged I'd hold the Door, tho' 'twere my own Daughter.

Ang. Well said old Iniquity.——Thou hast nick'd it, if thou knew'st all.

Phil. Now Gentlemen, that I may not be absolutely a Stranger to this Town, instruct me how this Side of the World is alter'd since I left it: What are the Diversions in Vogue? How do the Men behave themselves? And how are the Ladies to be govern'd?

Sir Toby. Why, faith, the Men are as abominable Rogues as ever, always Drunk, and always Pox'd, beged; nothing is heard of but Tavern-brawls and Mid-night Rapes and Murders; nothing to be met but Sharpers and Cullies, Pickpockets and Politicians, Cut-purses and Lawyers; Parsons that point out Roads they ne'er go; Physicians that prescribe what they never take; Courtiers that promise what they never perform; Colonels that tell of Battels they never saw; Beaux that lie with Women they never could come near; Pocky Lords, Bloated Commoners, and Pale-fac'd Catamities.

Phil. Most illustriously summon'd up; —but the Women *Sir Toby*, the Women.

Sir Toby. Why, of them too, there are of all sorts, good and bad. —Good, did I say, very few good, but very Devout, and great frequenters of *St. James's Church*; whoever goes that Road, can't fail of Heaven, at least of heavenly Joys.

Phil. None are so Devout, I hope, as to renounce the Pleasures and Conversations of the World.

Sir Toby. No, ne'er trouble your self, the Saints themselves have failings; human Flesh is frail. So you lift up one Hand to Heaven, you may lift up the Petticoat with 'other: Let their Heads be never so full of Devotion, the Devil is sure to be in their Tails.

Phil. But which are the Ways most in practice and observ'd to be most prevailing over their Frailty.

Sir Toby. Why Money, adzooks, nothing like Money; be free of your Purse, and your Presents, your Settlements, and your Jointures, and you may be as free as you please, with whom you please: *All, all are Danaes, by this Light*; and the Golden Ravisher is never deny'd Entrance.

Phil. This indeed is a great Incroachment upon Love: In Matters of Love, Love only should prevail.

Sir Toby. Thus we have been so long ill us'd by the Sex: There are so many Examples of Estates Mortgag'd, and honest Fellows undone by their Treachery and Expensiveness, that we begin to leave 'em off, and resolve to stick to one another. For my own part, I am resolv'd

not

not to care one Farthing for the Sex more, not I, igad, Bacchus shall have all my Gold.

Phil. And *Venus* shall never starve while I can furnish her; you old Fellows always rail at Pleasures you are past. Nothing relishes when the Appetite is gone. For my part, I have quite another Idea of the Sex; at least, I will delay censuring till I have examin'd into *Lucinda's* Truth: If *Lucinda* has been false, I will then turn Railer like you, and conclude the worst of 'em all.

Ang. See here, an Informer for your Purpose; —
Mrs. Placket can give you the best Intelligence of that.

Enter Placket.

Phil. *Mrs. Placket*, I am overjoy'd to see you.

Plack. Mr. *Philabel*, you are welcome from the Wars. My young Lady is distracted to see you; — she has been in such Frights for you, poor thing, — but was overjoy'd to hear how well you carry'd your self in the last Battle.

Sir Toby. How well his Horse carry'd him, adzooks, thou mean'st.

Plack. This Note will better inform you.

[*Delivers a Note.*]

Phil. Reads.) Be not surpriz'd at any Discourse you may hear of me in the Town: I am the same you left me, and shall be pleas'd to find no Alteration in you. If you think it worth your while, you may see me this Afternoon at my Aunts.

Ang. aside.) *Lucinda* returning to an old Lover; — that's good News. — Now for some trick to secure the Aunt against *Bellamour*; — but that one stroke more, and Fortune I adore thee.

Phil. If this Kindness is sincere, why was *Bellamour* so well receiv'd in my Absence?

Plack. Why don't you know that the best receiv'd are seldom the most welcome, and that the Civilities a Woman shews in publick to one Man, are only to cover private Familiarities with another?

Phil.

Phil. And my Lady *Dorimen*, we may have leave to wait upon her too?

Plack. Yes; this is her Day.

Phil. Her Day! for what?

Plack. Why to receive Visits: All your great Ladies keep their Day for Visitants.

Sir Toby. And so by laying apart one Day for publick Ceremony, all the rest of the Week is secur'd for private Intrigue.

Phil. The Men and Women all visit the same Day?

Plack. They have different Methods; my Lady has Days apart. This is her Day for the Men.

Sir Toby. What think you *Mrs. Placket* of my young Friend here? He's most desperately in Love with my Lady *Dorimen*.

Plack. That's desperate indeed: Alas! Widows have Beef-stomachs, such a Chick is not half a mouthful.— The *Frenchman* is now dressing my Lady's Head; he has been yet but two hours about it, in two more you may make your Visit; till when, Gentlemen, your Servant, I will be sure to make all your Complements.

Phil. Fare ye well good *Mrs. Placket*.

(Exit *Placket*.)

Now let's adjourn to some Place, where I may cast this filthy Camp-Coat, take one encouraging Glass, and then for Love and the Ladies.

Sir Toby. I'll go before, taste some Wine, and bespeak a relishing Bit.

Phil. Thus Hero-like, we from the Wars remove,
To Crown our Toils, and still that Crown is Love.

(Exit.)

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lady Dorimen at her Toilettee. A French-mandresting her Head. Women with Indian Silks and China Ware. Page, and Waiting-Women knotting Fringe.

Frenchman. ONE, two, tree Story more, begar and dat be ver vell.

Lady Dor. Not quite so high, Monsieur, I shan't be able to get into my Chair, nor my Coach; nor come in, or go out at Doors, without leaving some of my Head: behind me.

Frenchman. Dat be no my fault begar: Me no make de shaire, nor de coche, nor de dore: Me drefs de Head, and me mos shew all mine Arts. Parbleu, let de dam Bricklaer Englis make de H ouse fit for de Ladies Head: Me no make de Head for de H ouse.

Lady Dor. My Head's in your Hands, do with it as you please. *Enter Placket.*

Plack. Sir Toby. Madam is coming up: All your Vilitants will be here before your *Frenchman* will have done.

Frenchman. Patience, Patience. Me bot ajoute de Jardiniere, and de Sortis, and put on de Assassinat, and me make done.

Lady Dor. Pray dispatch.

Frenchmen. 'Tis make don: And now, begar, der be no Lady in *France* nor *England* more propre ——— Parbleu, your Ladyship be de ver beautiful Lady; de *Englifs* Lady be ver handsome, begar.

Lady Dor. Your Ten Guineas are upon the Table.

Frenchman. Ah, Madam ——— Votre tres humble Valet ——— de Honour of serving de *Englifs* Lady, be more dan de Profit [*aside*] Now begar, me vill go into *Hollande*, and make de Farce of de *Englifs* Lady vid deir great Top-Knot; me have got deir Mony, and now me vill laugh at dem vid all mine'earts. Ha! Ha! Ha!

[*Exit Frenchman.*
First

First *Ind. Woman*. Pray be pleas'd, Madam, to order us to be paid before Sir Toby comes up.

Second *Ind. Woman*. We had rather lose our Mony, than be expos'd to his foul-mouth'd Raillery.

Enter Sir Toby.

Sir Toby re-
appearing.

*Th' adorning thee with so much Art,
Is but a barbarous Skill:*

*'Tis like the poy's'ning of a Dart,
Too apt before to kill.*

What! adzooks, always these Pedlers at your Toilettee.
Ind. Women Pedlers! adzooks, no more than your Worship's a Pimp, if you go to that.

Sir Toby. The Orange Women swear they'll pull you to pieces, since a Note in a Tea-Pot is found more secure, than at the bottom of a Basket of Fruit.

Ind. Women. That's your Worship's quarrel to us: You'd have no Body seduc'd but by your self — Pray, Madam, bid Mrs Plackett pay us.

Lady Dor. Give them their Mony — But hark ye, Mrs. Fannoway, for the future, be sure you bring me right Indian, I abominate your Dutch Trumpery.

Ind. Woman. God bless your Honour, we will Madam.

[*Exeunt Indian Women with their Bundles.*]

Lady Dor. Bring Sir Toby a Chair — and wait within call.

[*Sir Toby sits, then speaks.*]

Sir Toby. Your Piquette Friend will be here instantly, Madam, according to your Direction: He is already so charm'd with your Ladyship, that if you are not merciful in time, his Heart will break, quite break; poor thing, he is just at the point of Death.

Lady Dor. 'Tis much for a Lady's Honour to have a Lover die.

Sir Toby. True, Madam; but then let these die you don't care for: Tho' it may be for your Glory to triumph over some, yet for your Pleasure you should be kind to others — And this is the prettiest loving little Rogue — Adzooks 'twere a Thousand pities to let him come to any harm.

Lady Dor. But suppose he should be one of those modest Fools, (for he is very young, Sir Toby) who tho' they are never so much in Love, yet have not the Courage to speak out their Minds.

Sir

Sir Toby. Why suppose he should, why then you must take some Opportunity to squeeze him by the Hand ; or by some sly Insinnation with your Eyes, inform him that he need fear nothing. Or what if you should speak first, is any thing more common ? Besides, when Women thro' Decency, as they call it, are silent ; and Men thro' Fear, how the Devil shall they ever come together ? If you observe your Spark to be bold and undertaking then indeed you may seem sly ; but if he is timorous, and under any awe, you must do something to give him Courage, or you spoil all. Come, come, adzooks, the Women of this Age are not to be taught these Lessons.

Lady Dor. Fye ! I blush for the Follies of my Sex.

Sir Toby. Blushing does infinitely become your Ladyship — Then there is the Secret of Secrets, the Never-failing Elixir of Love —

Lady Dor. Hold, hold, Sir Toby — may it become my Modesty to hear it ?

Sir Toby. Adzooks, I don't know what your Modesty may be ; but if 'tis so troublesome, I can hold my Tongue.

Lady Dor. No, No, speak ; you'r too well bred to say any thing you should nor.

Sir Toby. Then this mighty Secret is Keeping. The Men naturally love receiving better than paying ; and since some great Ladies of late have us'd them to it, it is with great difficulty that they part with their very Halfcrown, or give the poor Chamber-maid her Fee.

Lady Dor. A Woman, and Keep ! O hideous !

Sir Toby. Why yonder's my Lady Homely, tis hard to remember when she wa young, and yet her Doors are always blockt up with Coaches and Chairs ; whilst in the mean time my Lady Lovely scarce receives a Visit from Morning to Night, and yet is the most beautiful Women in Town.

Lady Dor. And what say you is the Reason of this ?

Sir Toby. The Reason is plain : The first gives to her Gallants, what the other reserves for a Portion to a Daughter, or bestows in charitable Uses to the Poor. Besides, it has been always the Fashion for great Ladies when they are a little enw'd of their Prime ; and your Ladyship is too considerable to be out at any thing that's a Fashion.

Lady Dor. 'Tis true, a Woman of Quality should be in all the Fashions : But pray inform me how is this

Keeping ? Do Men of Quality take Money ? Or is it by Presents of Jewels, and such things ?

Sir Toby. Nothing like ready Money, adzooks. A thousand Guineas in ready Cash, tickles a young Fellow beyond a Jewel of twice the Value : Not but that a Jewel now and then by the by, is a pretty Provocative ; but however a settled Quarteridge is necessary.

Lady Dor. I protest you are a very Learned Person.

Sir Toby. Besides the standing Pension, there must be an Allowance too for Extraordinaries : For Example ; for Balls at Court, and publick Appearances of that kind. At such times, I say, the Courtiers will give themselves to the Devil for a little Money, especially in hard times, when Salaries are ill paid.

Lady Dor. Sir Toby. you have convinc'd me ; but yet there remains a main Point to be consider'd, which is, how to impose upon the Town. This Town is a prying malicious Place ; as long as the Town does not talk, our Honour is safe ? And as long as our Honour is safe, there's no harm done : For 'tis a receiv'd Maxim among us Ladies, That 'tis the Talk, and not the Intrigue, that's the Crime.

Sir Toby. The way to keep the Town civil, is to be openly Scandalous and Lewd. We never talk out of Aversion to the Guilty, but Spite to the Innocent ; and care not to expose those who do ill, but defame those who do well. Believe me, the only way to gain an ill Reputation, is to live Chaste ; the Town abhors Modesty and Virtue, but Impudence and Vice are its inseparable Companions : Be as wicked as you please, the Town will never expose a Friend.

Enter Page.

Page. Ther'es below a young Gentleman desires to speak with Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. I come instantly ———

[Exit Page.]

'Tis our Spark, Madam — I'll go down to him, and keep him in discourse 'till you are quite ready.

Lady Dor. Sir Toby your Servant, I'll endeavour to profit by your wise Lecture.

[Exit Sir Toby.]

[Rises from her Toilette.]

Plackett. Give me one of my last new Fans — No — another ; one that has the right Flirt, and rides with an

Black

Plack. The Gentleman will be impatient.

Lady Dor. I go: Is every thing as it should be?

Plack. Most exact, Madam.

Lady Dor. And d'ye hear?

[*Whispers.*]

Plack. Who? Sir J. Aery, and Mr. Vaunter, I think you call'd 'em; I will not fail, Madam.

Lady Dor. This young Thing will want Helps.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Diana, Melissa, Dorinda, Miranda, and Constantia
seeming in Courtship with all four.

Constantia repeating.

*Joys salutes me when I set
My blest Eyes on Amoret;
But with Wonder I am struck,
When I on the Others look.*

And how is it possible to chuse one, when all are engaging alike? If at any time I seem inclin'd to the Prudence and nice Honour of *Diana*, the Gaiety and lively Humour of *Melissa* comes in view, and withholds me. And when *Melissa* gets ground, strait *Dorinda* interposes with her admirable Shape and Mien: And so on to the charming *Miranda*, who, with a Song, can turn my fleeting Heart which way she pleases.

Mir. Sure *Cupid* shot you with a Blunderbus, four such dreadful Wounds cou'd never be made with a Dart.

Mel. Pho, 'tis the usual Ceremony of all Men, to carry themselves equal to the whole Company; if he had us single, we should soon know his Mind.

Dia. Really my Sister has observ'd with great Prudence: It is likely the Gentleman would be particular, if we were single. Pray Sisters retire, and leave us alone.

Dor. Fye, Sisters, sure your nice Honour would not permit you to be left alone with a Man.

Mel. I was the first who propos'd the Expedient, and will be the first to have the Benefit of it.

Dia. Really you are very confident, sure there is some Respect due to your eldest Sister.

Mel. You might have spar'd the Remembrance of your Age for your own sake.

Const.

Const. Pray, Ladies, let not this Debate go any further, I have found out an Expedient to close all. Come in with me, and I will seal up four Notes, giving one to each of you, three being Blanks, and the fourth my Determination; which you shall deliver, as soon as I am gone from you, to your Brother who shall tell you my Mind, sparing me the Confusion.

Dia. No, No; since I have once said it, Mr. Courtall, really I will be left alone with you.

Const. Pray, Madam, consent to what I have propos'd.
(*Aside to her.*)

You are certain to be my Choice.

Mel. I say again—

Const. Dear *Melissa* be contented.
(*Aside to her.*)

They shall all have Blanks but you.

Dor. For my part I consent to leave you together: Eldership may be a Plea for Respect, but 'tis a very bad one for Love.

Const. Peace, good *Dorinda*, and agree to my Method.
(*Aside to her.*)

The Benefit Ticket shall be yours.

Mir. I am clearly for his Opinion in Writing, 'tis much the surest way, and not to be retracted.

Const. Most charming *Miranda*, a thousand Acknowledgments.

(*Aside to her.*)

You only are the *Venus* among these Goddeffes, the Prize of Beauty shall be yours.

(*Aloud.*)

Now Ladies let's in, and proceed to Election; sure no Lover since *Paris* was ever so put to it in his Choice.

*How hardly do's this Tyrant Custom bind?
Forc'd to chuse One, to All alike inclin'd.*

(*Exeunt.*)

Lady

Lady Dorimen, Angelica, Lucinda, and
Philabel all seated.

SONG in Dialogue.

Thirsis. **D**ELIA, how long must I despair,
And tax you with Disdain?
Still to my tender Love severe,
Untouch'd when I complain?

Delia. When Men of equal Merit love us,
And do with equal Ardor sue;
Thirsis you know but one must move us,
Can I be your's and Strephon's too?
My ravish'd Eyes view both with Pleasure,
Impartial to your high desert;
To both alike Esteem I measure;
To one alone can give my Heart.

Thirsis. Mysterious Guide of Inclination,
Tell me Tyrant, why am I
With equal Merit, equal Passion,
Thus the Victim chosen to dye?
Why am I
The Victim chosen to dye?

Delia. On Fate alone depends Success,
And Fancy Reason over-rules;
Or why should Virtue ever miss
Reward, so often given to Fools.
'Tis not the Handsome, nor the Witty;
But who alone is born to please:
Love do's predestinate our Pity;
We chuse but whom be first decrees.

Ang. The Words, Ladies, are my own; pray your
Opinion.

Lady Dor. You are a Wit then.

Ang. O! we are all Wits. Pray, Madam, by what
D 2 celebrated

celebrated Wits are you visited? For there is no way to establish a Reputation like being a Patron to Men of Parts.

Lady Dor. I love Men of Parts mightily: A Man without Parts is a strange Monster. I have some that are pretty constant Visitants; for Example, the Translators of Plutarch's Lives, Juvenal's Satyr. —

Ang. Foh, a Lady, and converse with Greek and Latin Wits. No, give me your Wits of the Town, who are above Learning; your Wits of Quality, that can scarce Write or Read; your Lampoon-Wits.

Phil. Bold Rogues, that spare nothing that's sacred, not even the Majesty of Kings; that can make Black, White; and White, Black. Take away the Reputation of the chasteest Woman, and give it to the lewdest Prostitute. Call the Man of Sense, a Fool, and the Man of Honour, a Coward. Make Religion, Apostacy. And sanctify Rebellion and Parricide. Whose only Topicks are Scandal, Sedition, and Blasphemy. And all they contend for, but who shall be the greatest Rascal, and tell the most plausible Lye behind a Man's Back.

Lady Dor. However, I know some certain Ladies, who think themselves neglected, to be left out of a Lampoon; and are proud to have their Names publish'd, and to be known, and enquir'd after by the whole Town.

Ang. to Lucind. Pray, Madam, did you never write?

Lucin. Who, I, Sir! 'Tis not a Talent for a Woman.

Phil. And why not for a Woman, Madam? An Evenings Exercise at Crambo, to get the knack of Rhyming, is all that's necessary; 'tis no matter for Sense, who cares for Sense?

Ang. Besides there are no Pains requir'd, as is plain, for when we take all the Pains in the World, 'tis just the same thing, we write never the better.

Lady Dor. Mr. Philabel you us'd to have the good Intelligence; what new Diversions are preparing for the Town?

Phil. The newest thing that I know of, is a Dictionary that's preparing for the Press, at the desire of a certain great Lady, to suit our Language to the Modesty of the fair

fair Sex, and to castrate the immodest Syllables in such Words as begin and end obscenely.

Lucin. Fye, *Philabel*, was ever such an Extravagance?

Lady Dor. I vow, a very decent design; I have been strangely put out of Countenance my self at the beginning and Conclusion of some certain Words.

Phil. There is likewise a Cabal of Ladies, who meet daily for the Reformation of good Manners. Another great Grievance is the Nudities upon Fans worse than the Postures of a *Venetian Snuff-Box*.

Lady Dor. I know a Lady, that shall be nameless, whose Fans are always painted with filthy naked Boys, and yet for the World, she would not be persuaded to be seen in *Chelsea-Reach* upon a Summers Evening.

Phil. Likewise, Madam, a Poet is to lose his Maiden-head to Day upon the Stage. —

Lady Dor. Lord! Mr. *Philabel*, what do you mean?

Phil. Nothing, Madam, but that there is a new Play to be acted. A young Fellow has been drawn in to Play the Fool without any necessity for it.

Ang. How comes your Ladyship not to be there? You would see rare Sport; there is a Party already engaged to cry it down.

Lucin. How! engag'd to cry down a Play before they know whether it's good or bad.

Phil. O, no matter for that. I'll tell you their Method; they spread themselves in Parties all over the House; some in the Pit, some in the Boxes, others in the Galleries, but principally on the Stage; they Cough, Sneeze, talk aloud, and break filly Jests; sometimes Laughing, sometimes Singing, sometimes Whistling, till the House is in an Uproar; some Laugh and Clap; some Hiss and are Angry; Swords are drawn, the Actors interrupted, the Scene broken off, and so the Play's sent to the Devil.

Lucin. A very compendious Method.

Phil. A new Play never wants Enemies. First, All your discontented Poets who have been ill us'd themselves, are glad of a new Companion; then your Criticks that had not the Reading of the Piece before 'twas given to the House, are sure to Censure severely, to be reveng'd for their

their neglected Judgments. And *Lastly*, All your drest Beaux, who revenge upon the Innocent Play the Injuries they receive from the Crowd, as the ruffling their Crevats, disordering their Perukes, and the Sweat that gets the Ascendant of their Essence and *Polville*.

Lady Dor. A very rational Account. I confess, I have often wonder'd at the ill Success of some Plays.

Ang Now I think on't, Madam, I have waiting below some Dancers, that I brought hither for your Ladyship's Entertainment; they shall show you a Dance that a Friend of mine has compos'd for his Mistress.

Lucin. How, Sir, compos'd for a Mistress! I have, heard of Songs compos'd for a Mistress; but a Dance is extremely new.

Phil. 'Tis fit, Madam, that some new ways should be invented to engage the Ladies; 'tis dull to tread always in the same Path. And nothing is found so prevailing as these mute Accomplishments. Writing, and saying fine things, have given Place to the Caper, the Flute and the Voice.

Lucin. Some Fool, who had no other way of prevailing, was certainly the first that introduc'd those effeminate Accomplishments.

Phil. Right, Madam, and 'twas as necessary, as for those who have ill-Smells, to keep up the Fashion of Perfumes. —

Ang. Or, as for Ladies with Pimples to encourage Patching.

Lady Dor. Pray let us see the Dance.

[*They all rise.*

Ang. Hey! Enter Dance.

Phil Where are these *Balladins*?

Dance.

Ang. And will not this carry the Lady, d'ye think?

Lady Dor. Very passionate indeed. There are some certain Motions in Dancing, extremely Pathetick and Expressive

Enter Sir Toby and Bellamour.

Sir Toby. You see, Madam, I am come again; I am a Man of my Word.

Lady

Lady Dor. You are always so ——— Mr. Bellamour, your Servant. Would you had both come sooner, to have seen the Dance.

Ang. Let not that trouble you, Madam; they are my Friends, and at my Devotion, and shall renew the Entertainment, since it proves agreeable to you. Ladies and Gentlemen, the t'other cast of your Office if you please.

[To the Singers and Dancers.

S O N G.

So well Corinna likes the Joy.

She Vows she'll never more be Coy.

She Drinks Eternal Draughts of Pleasure,
Eternal Draughts do not suffice.

Ah! Give me, give me more, she Cries,

'Tis all too little Measure.

Dance.

*Singers and Dancers
exult.*

Sir Toby. Very fine, extremely fine ——— Mr. Bellamour and I, Madam, met at the Door, having both the same Design of waiting on your Ladyship. Sir Toby, says he, be pleased to go before, I wait on you: Mr. Bellamour, says I, after you is Manners. Pray, Sir, says he, give me leave; by no means, Sir, said I again: And then said he, and then said I, till at last, begad, we both came in together, and Adzookers, I have almost squeez'd off the bottom of my Belly ——— Pox of Complements and strait Doors.

Ang. *aside.*] Now aid me all the Arts of Woman-kind, Revenge and Jealousy, till I have vex'd the Traytor's Heart, as he has abus'd mine.

I wonder, Sir Toby, you should be so Ceremonious, with one to whom you ought to be a sworn Enemy. I cannot with Patience suffer my Friend to be wronged, and therefore think my self oblig'd to acquaint you that this Gentleman has injur'd you.

Bell. *softly to him.*] Hark ye, Sir ———

Ang. No, no, all shall out, unless you engage before all this Company, to make Reparation for the future.

Sir

Sir Toby. Hey Day! Why he never did me any Injury. Adzooks, my little *Ganimesd's* in the Clouds.

Ang. I'll tell you then in short ———

Bell. softly.] Hold, or by Heaven ———

Ang. Nay, no Threats, nor no Whispering. This Gentleman, *Sir Toby*, some time since, made Pretensions to your Daughter, as now Madam, he does to your Niece; but not Pretensions that were dishonourable, but confirm'd by Vows and Oaths, till she yielded at last to be privately contracted.

Lady Dor. How! Contracted!

Lucin. Bafe Man.

Bell. Pray hearken not to what he says; this is the strangest Extravagance.

Lucin. No, no, pray let's hear all.

Bell. to Ang.] Damme, Sir, this Fooling shan't pass ——— a word with you.

Ang. No Bribes, no Bribes.

Lucin. This must be true, he is so concern'd.

Bell. As I hope to be sav'd, Madam ———

Phil. No Swearing, dear Sir, it will offend the Ladies.

Bell. Damn Swearing, Sir ———

Lady Dor. and Lucin.] No quarrelling here, I beseech you, Gentlemen.

Bell. I remember indeed, a Lady whom I us'd to Visit in the Country; and I confess, Sir, your Daughter I think she was.

Sir Toby. O was she so, Sir; a Damn'd Villanous Whoring Rogue, this.

Bell. Some Words of Gallantry perhaps might escape me or a little Love in Jest, to pass the time: Or suppose it in Earnest; sure we may have leave to change once in our Lives; Saints are allow'd it in Religion, when they are convinc'd of a better.

Sir Toby. But you shall not be allow'd it, Sir, pray don't mistake me, tho' I am an old lewd Dog, yet I have some Notions Adzooks, that are not amiss: How many drunken blaspheming Rascals venture their Lives every Day for Religion, and yet know nothing of any Religion. And so Sir, in short, tho' I may be a dishonour
my

my self to my Family, Adzooks, I'll die to maintain the Honour of it.

Bell. I made no Promises, but what were meant in Jest; Vows and Oaths in Love, are like Counters at Play, we set up with 'em, but ne'er mind them when the Game's over.

Lucin. I am glad I know the Value of yours, a very decent Declaration.

Lady Dor. If Contracts might be made and broken, as Men change their Affections, Poor Women are like to be happy. Barbarous Ungrateful Creature, let me never see your Face again in my House ——— Oh! I can't endure him.

Ang. aside.] *Victoria, Victoria* — the Day's my own, and the Enemy is beaten from his hold.

Lucin. Such Perjury is never to be Pardon'd. (*aside*) O happy Accident! I wanted some decent Pretence to get rid of him, and Fortune has help'd me.

Bell. All things are Faults to those, who seek to find 'em: 'Tis you are Perjur'd, and not I. After having sworn to you had I engag'd in a new Passion, then I had been false. Now if I am false, 'tis for your sake; 'tis you that made me so, whatever I have been to others, to you my Faith has been inviolable.

Lucin. Who can be false to one, 'tis violently to be suspected will be so to another, whenever his Pleasure or his Interest tempts him.

Bell. Confess the Truth, and lay aside Disguise; impute not to me your Crimes; this Airy, Smooth, conceited Coxcomb, this Woman's Fool here, has work'd into your Heart, and shew'd me out; this lucky Robber, in some wanton moment came, and rifled all the Treasure, whilst I, a poor precarious Beggar, ne'er could get the least unvalued Trifle. Gods! Gods! what Appetites have Women, and who can fix 'em? Now for Men of Sense, and now for Coxcombs; and every thing is refused or goes down, just as the Minute is, that we lay hold of.

(*Omnes.*) Ha, ha, ha.

[*All laugh.*]

Bell. What could you see in this puny Effeminate Thing, to Charm you? He can Sing and Dance, play on the Flute, and

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and Fiddle, there's Woman's Vanity again: She never sees a soft affected Afs, but she is pleas'd with the Reflection of her own Follies, and admire her self in every Fop, that like a Glass shows her the Image of her own Mind.

Phil. You are rude, Sir.

Bell. Rude, Sir!

Phil. Ay rude, Sir, that's English.

Bell. You are an Afs, Sir: Or is it your Soldier here that charms you? Your Colonel! O how that sounds to please a Lady's Ear! Is it his Red Coat, or his Hoboys that take you most? What Wounds has he to show you? What Deeds in Battle to describe? What Dangers? He has seen a Siege thro' a Prospective Glass ———

Lady Dor. I can endure this odious Railer no longer; his Noise is got up into my Head ——— let us go in and leave this Wrangler to rave by himself.

Ang. We wait on your Ladyship.

Bell. (to *Ang.*) I shall find a time, Sir, I shall, to thank you for your good Offices.

Ang. Whenever you please, Sir.

Phil. (to *Bell.*) I shall find a time, Sir, to call you to an Account in another place.

Bell. What place you please, Sir.

Sir Toby. (to *Bell.*) I shall take an occasion, I shall, Sir, Adzooks, to make you repent putting your Town Tricks upon Country Girls.

Lucin. Mr. Bellamour, can't you compose your self enough to go in and play a Pool with us?

Bell. I will wish you some Luck, Madam. May you be always Flatter'd, and always Lose; may you never think you have a sure Game, but be disappointed by a better.

Lucin. A little Hellebore would do the Gentleman no harm.

Sir Toby. Straw, Straw, and a Dungeon; Adzooks the Man's stark Mad. [*Exeunt leaving Bellamour.*

Bell. Mankind from Adam, have been Womens Fools?

Women from Eve, have been the Devil's Tools:

Heaven might have spar'd one Torment when we fell,

Not left us Women, or not threatned Hell.

[*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Frederick, surrounded by his Sisters,
viz. Diana, Melissa, Dorinda, Miranda.

Dian. **R**ead mine, they are all Blanks but mine?

Mel. I say, her's a Blank. Read mine.

Dor. and Mir. They are all Blanks but mine.

Fred. What? Are you all Mad! give me your Notes
in Peace and I'll read 'em, else I am gone.

All Women. Well then, here take 'em.

Fred. So: Let none interrupt me; but whose soever
the Lot is, let the rest be contented and silent.

[Opens a Note and reads it.

Melissa is Beauty ——— full ———

Mel. I told you so, I knew 'twas I, you need read no
farther.

Fred. Good Sister forbear.

Reads.) Dorinda is good humour'd ———

Dor. That's I.

Fred. Patience.

Reads.) Miranda is Charming to Admiration.

But it is Diana that's adorable, and has my Heart.

Speaks.) Let none reply, Dian's is the Lot.

Mel. Diana's is a Cheat, a Counterfeit; he vow'd to
me he could not endure her.

Fred. We are to stand to what he has written. You
may take back your Notes, we need read no more.

Mel. I say, my Sister Dy's, is all Forgery.

Dia. I say you are a confident Creature.

Fred. interposing.] Sisters, this is misbecoming all Mo-
desty. Melissa, be satisfied! there are more Men besides
Courtall.

Dor. Dear Brother, open the rest of our Notes for our
common Satisfaction; Courtall told me all should be Blanks
but mine.

Mir. So he told me.

Fred. Any thing for Peace. This Melissa I think is.
yours

yours. *Reads*) Diana is discreet ——— Dorinda, &c. *Miranda, &c. (as before)* but Melissa only has my Heart. *Speaks.*) How Diana! is it true then, that yours was forg'd Melissa, be happy, the Lot is yours.

Dia. I say 'tis she has forg'd, and not I. Let me tear her Eyes out for this Trick.

Fred. No more, I entreat you ——— I suspect a Trick; I'll read the rest.

[*Reads the other two Notes to himself.*]

How? Why in these he declares for Dorinda and Miranda: This is all a Trick.

Dor. to Mir.] Sister, I begin to suspect this Courtall. Let us be no more seen in this Business.

Mir. to Dor.] The Imprudence of my Sisters, may be an Example for us to be wise.

Fred. 'Tis plain, Courtall has abus'd us all, but be you advis'd, and I'll be reveng'd? I love his Sister, but not above the Honour of my Family. I'll instantly find him out, and teach the Young Impostor what it is to play with the Reputation of Ladies, or fool with a Man of Honour. Be at Peace among your selves, and all shall be well.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Angelica and Constantia.

Ang. Victoria, Victoria, turn'd out of Doors, quite discardeed; ha, ha, ha. To have seen how he storm'd and hector'd, 'twould have made thee die with Laughing, ha, ha, ha.

Conf. 'Twas most Heroically perform'd indeed.

Ang. He swore I must give him Satisfaction, and by Heaven I am ready, whenever he dares demand it.

Conf. How! ready to fight with him! what, fight with a Man?

Ang. Yes, Conquer him too, lay him groveling at my Feet, Panting, and not able to stir a Limb.

Conf. The Truth is, that may be done, but how will you lay your Widow Panting?

Ang. That indeed, is now my hardest Task. And pray, how will you come off with your Virgins?

Conf. That's to be thought of too. I'll go consider on't.

You

You are bound for other Adventures, and so good Night.

[Exit Constantia.

Enter Sir Toby, Philabel, Women and Musick.

Sir Toby spying Ang.] My little Cupid, turn'd Wanderer of Darknes, A Night Rover, an Eve-dropper under his Mistress's Window: Nay then thou'rt in-deed; there's no such infallible sign of a Lover.

Phil. A Lover can no more go to Bed, without easing his Heart in Sighs under his Mistress's Window, then without comforting it afterwards with a Bottle.

Sir Toby. Behold, Lover, to your Sighs I have brought a Song, 't shall pass for thy Serenade, to my Lady Dorimen, Hey Myrmadons strike up.

SONG.

WHile Phillis is Drinking, Love and Wine in Alliance
With Forces united, bid resistles Defiance,

By the touch of her Lips, the Wine sparkles higher,
And her Eyes from her Drinking, redouble their Fire!

Her Cheeks glow the Brighter, recruiting their Colour,
As Flowers by sprinkling, revive with fresh Odour:

His Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor like Oyl, makes the Flame more enduring-

By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from expiring.

And our Mirth is enliven'd, Love and Desiring:

Relieving each other, the Pleasure is lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet ever a tasting.

Then Phillis, begin; let our Raptures abound,

And a Kiss, and a Glass be still going round:

Our Joys are Immortal, while thus we remove,
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.

Sir Toby takes Angelica about the Neck and Kisses her.

Sir Toby singing.) And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round.

Ang. Sir Toby, you Kiss in anothers wrong: all my Kisses are bespoke for to Night. See what a dreadful Challenge my Lady Dorimen put into my Hand at parting.

Sir Toby reads.) You may wonder at the Confidence I have in you, upon so short an Acquaintance. Think it not

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an effect of my Easiness, but your own Merit. You will be welcome to Night at my own House, at Ten.

Ang. Ten is the lucky Hour, *Sir Toby*: If you have any thing to Command, speak, I must give the Signal.

[Knocks at the Door.]

Enter Placket.

Plac. O, are you come; follow me, and besure you make no Noise.

Ang. I know how to behave my self upon these occasions.

Plac. 'Tis not the first time you have practis'd.

Sir Toby. Nor you neither, good *Mrs. Placket*; you both know your Trades.

Plac. Are you there? Then we shall never have done. Come, come your ways. *[Exeunt Ang. and Plac.]*

Phil. These young Smock-fac'd fellows, *Sir Toby*, carry all before 'em. Brave Warriors and Men of Sense, Besiege ten Years in vain, the Beast prevails in a Night.

Sir Toby. The truth is, Women have deprav'd Appetites; but here's my comfort still ——— *(Embracing a Wench.)* Pox of Quality ——— Give me an obedient Jade, without forms of Ceremonies. Hark ye Colonel, these are most of 'em my own Flesh and Blood, begotten by my Iniquity, and bred up for my Iniquity. The Great Turk has nor a better *Seraglio*.

Phil. Not such a *Seraglio* indeed.

Sir Toby. But why loiter we here? Yonder's a Tavern, what sayest thou, Lad, to a quart of Canary before we sleep, Hey! Cats Guts strike up. *Jenny, Gipsy, Jurdith* ——— ye Jezebels follow me all.

Sings.) *Our Joys are Immortal, &c.*

(Exeunt Musick playing.)

SCENE of a Bed-Chamber.

Lady Dorimen in her Night-dress, and Angelica.

Lady Dor. I blush exceedingly, to see my self alone with a Man; for tho' your coming is upon an innocent Ac-

count

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count, yet there is room for a scandalous Interpretation. But I hope you are too civil a Gentleman to take the Advantage of being alone with a Lady in her Bed-chamber.

Ang. Let my Transports express ———

Lady Dor. O fie, methinks you're very forward: Who could have imagin'd it from one so young?

Ang. Pardon me, Madam, if too much Eagerness to express the Sense of your Favours ———

Lady Dor. Frighten me no more. And on that condition I give you leave to sit down by me.

[*Takes Angelica by the Hand.*]

Ang. Ah, Madam ——— you squeeze my Hand too hard.

Lady Dor. You are so tender.

Ang. You are so killing, the least touch goes to the Soul. What a Complexion! What Eyes!

Lady Dor. Don't you look so upon me; I never look'd so ill in my Life. I hate you should look upon me so — I am quite out of order to Night.

Ang. You never were so Charming.

Lady Dor. You are the strangest Man.

Ang. Pray, Madam, give me leave to see ———

Lady Dor. See! Pray what would you see?

Ang. Your Neck, Madam, that I may vindicate you from the Aspersions of the World, that says it is not of the same Complexion with your Face.

Lady Dor. The World is a malicious, ill-natur'd impertinent World.

Ang. And you the most invincible Temptation in it. Am I Flesh and Blood — am I a Man, Madam? —

Lady Dor. I vow, Sir, I can't tell. But I hope you mean to be Civil.

Ang. repeats.

And why this Niceness to a Pleasure shown,

Where Nature sums up all its Joys in one?

But since you will have it so, I must submit. I may perhaps have been too far transported, but I hope your Ladyship's Goodness will excuse the Violence of a Passion that was not to be with-held.

Lady Dor. I must needs say, any one in your Place would have offer'd as much, and perhaps more: For who could have imagin'd, that such an Affignation was contriv'd for nothing but a little Discourse? Besides, 'tis natural enough to suspect, that all this great Care that I taken to forbid, was meant only to mind you of what else you might be too backward to undertake: And I know it to be a Maxim among Men, that Women are angry to be always obey'd, and that our first Refusals are necessary to Decency, and proceed only from a little customary Formality, and not from any real dislike. But you, I perceive, are none of those. —

Ang. Who I? Heaven's forbid —

[Removes her Chair farther off, Lady Dorimen following.]

Lady Dor. The Men, I say, of this Age, for the most part, are bold and undertaking, in the *Tête à Tête*, as they call it, and when the Chambermaid's sent away, and a Bed in the Room, they think they may venture on any thing.

[Angelica continues to get farther off.]

Lady Dorimen gets closer and closer.

Ang. Excuse me, Madam, you shall find me none of those impudent intruders, of whom you complain. I must needs condemn the forwardness of those Men, who are still encroaching upon the Modesty of the Ladies: And would not for the World offend against the Respect that is due to you.

Lady Dor. I only say 'tis the way of most Men. But I am convinc'd you are none of those.

Ang. Heaven's forbid, Madam, that I should be any thing that were displeasing to your Ladyship.

Lady Dor. *aside.*] Provoking Ignorance! What shall I do to be understood? I have thought of a way. —

[Falls back in her Chair, as going into a Swoon.]

Oh I feel a sudden swimming in my Eyes, and trembling in my Limbs, it comes all over me, Help, help, help, Oh, oh.

Ang. I'll run and call for help.

[Lady Dorimen takes fast hold of her.]

Lady

Lady Dor. Call no body you may do it your self;
Oh, oh! you may do it your self.

Ang. *aside.*] What the Devil does she mean ———

Lady Dor. Oh, oh.

Ang. Let me go, Madam, and call your Maid for some cold Water to sprinkle in your Face.

Lady Dor. No, do you sprinkle me, do you sprinkle me.

Ang. So I would with all my Heart, but I have no thing to do it withal ——— (*calls*) Mrs. Placket, Mrs Placket, help, your Lady's in a Fit.

Lady Dorimen rises in Passion, letting go her hold, enter Placket.

Lady Dor. Ungrateful Man! Such Insolence is unpardonable, Flesh and Blood can never forgive it.

Plac. Wicked Man! what have you been doing to my Lady?

Ang. I have been doing nothing to my Lady, she has been in a Fit.

Plac. Poor Lady; how out of Breath, she is ——— I say, what have you committed?

Ang. I have Omitted ——— and that's it.

Bellamour's Voice within.

Bell. (*within.*) Where is Lucinda? I will see her ——— I will not be deny'd ———

Ang. As I live, Bellamour's Voice ——— O save me, if he finds me here, I am Sacrific'd ——— Pity Madam, my Youth, and forgive my Ignorance ——— all shall be mended.

Lady Dor. I pity you indeed. Run Placket and stop Mr. Bellamour ——— carry him up the back-way to my Niece, and let her be sure to see him, that the Passage be clear. *Placket exits*

Ang. Preserve me to Night from the Fury of this innocent Man: To Morrow we may repair the time that has been lost.

Lady Dor. Which we might not have lost neither ——— but we have been both to blame.

Ang. To morrow all shall be mended.

Lady Dor. Shall it indeed?

Ang.

Ang. Upon Condition, that this *Bellamour* comes here no more; I thought you had forbid him your House.

Lady Dor. All Men you see don't mind us when we forbid. I promise you after this Night he shall never more be admitted; my Niece shall sooner couple with a Vulture or a Bear. This Interruption is new Guilt.

Ang. That is all I ask.

Lady Dor. Remember then to Morrow.

Ang. By this Kiss. (*Kisses her Hand.*)

[*Exit Angelica.*]

Re-enter Placket.

Lady Dor. *Placket*, are the other Gentlemen here?

Plac. They were here Madam, And I thought I had lock'd 'em up safe, but when I went to look just now, I found the Lock of the Closet Door broke, and they were gone.

Lady Dor. Curst Disappointments.

Plac. The Chaplain, Madam, is not yet gone to Bed.

Lady Dor. Tell him I must have Prayers presently, and bring him into my Closet; and dy'e here, lay the Books on the Table.

Plac. That is, the Cups and Bottle of Orange Flow'r Brandy.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lucinda and Bellamour.

Lucin. Now the angry Fit is over, you are come to beg Pardon; this is the Trick of you Men: You Quarrel on purpose to try whether our Fondness is great enough to excuse the Insolencies of your Passion, and then think to Lord it as you please.

Bell. You mistake, Madam; I come not to beg Pardon, but to take my leave: Yes, ungrateful Woman, but one last look, and then we part, never to behold each other more; let cringing Fools and base born Slaves, continue their Officiousness to those who neglect 'em: A brave Man scorns it.

Lucin. You have free Liberty to depart, and will leave no aking Hearts behind you.

Bell. 'Tis false, I know my Resolution vexes you, how-
'ere

'ere you'd strive to Conceal it. There is never a Dissembling ill-natur'd Woman of you all, but is vext at the Loss of a Lover, tho' 'tis one she hates; all are necessary for your Vanity, and your Pride, though but some are pick'd for your Pleasures. But by Heaven, I scorn the Office, nor will be ty'd like a Slave to the Chariot, while others ride in it in Triumph.

Lucin. Speak softly.

Bell. Would I could speak louder yet, that Heaven and Earth might witness to your Perjury. Yes, *Lucinda*, when I am again your Fool, may all the Town laugh at me, as well as you: May I be Hooted and Pointed at for a Monster, and which would be the greatest, greatest Plague, may you Marry me, and bring forth a Bastard the next Day.

Lucin. In return to your obliging Oath, hear mine. If ever I pardon your Ill-manner'd outrageous Carriage to Day, may I be the most Wretched, and most Infamous of Women; may all the Villanous Slanders of thy Tongue be believ'd of me; and for my eternal Perdition, may my ill Fate condemn me to such a Brute, as thee for my Husband.

Bell. Agreed: And therefore that I may preserve nothing which might give me the least feint remembrance of you — here, take back your Picture — this Representation in little of so faithless an Original —

[Gazes on the Picture, e'er he delivers it.

How beautiful it looks! Ah! *Lucinda*, *Lucinda*, were but thy Soul Celstial as its Frame — but that is false, a Course deceitful Dawbing, no real, but a painted Joy, like this.

Lucin. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Then here is another Encouragement — the only one indeed, that I have under your Hand — 'tis —

Reads. You swear you love me, Ah Bellamour! If I have not as yet an equal Passion for you, believe me, I am pleas'd with yours.

These were Deceits that merit this, [Tears the Paper.

Lucin. (aside.) I am glad to see it torn, 'twas the only Proof

Proof he had to shew against me, that I had ever any Inclination to receive his Love.

Bell. And now no more but this; O *Lucinda*! False, Ungrateful *Lucinda*, farewell for ever!

[Is going, then returns.]

Lucin. A very fair Riddance — why do you come back?

Bell. But one word more *Lucinda*! Ah *Lucinda*! Call but to mind your former Vows, then see if your Heart can hold up to its Point, and still be fixt, tho' knowing how't has wrong'd me.

Lucin. What froward Fools are Men? Still they perplex us with ungrounded Jealousies, and affront us with vile Aspersions; yet know us at the same time, to be their Judges, and that by our Sentence 'tis, they Live or Die. No, *Bellamour*, after your rude Behaviour to Day, never must you more expect the least appearance of Kindness from me; there is no trusting for a Husband, a Man that makes so untruly a Lover.

Bell. You wrong me, Madam, by all that's good, you do

Lucin. No more, Mr. *Bellamour*, I'll hear no more upon this Subject. Return to your first Allegiance, you have wrong'd an Innocent Lady; think not that I'll be any longer accessary to your Perjury.

Sir. John Aery, and Vaunter within.

Aery. (within) Demme, Madam, where are you?

Vaunter. (within) Here are Lights, and a Door open.

They Enter.

Sir. J. Aery. Beged, Madam, 'tis very unconscionable to send for Gentlemen, and then make 'em wait three Hours in the Dark.

Lucin. Insolent Fellow, who sent for you! And how got you in?

Sir. J. Aery. Insolent Fellow? Demme, methinks she begins to be very familiar already.

Bell. you sent for them, they tell you; and I beg Pardon for having so long detain'd you from the Company you expected. Vile Woman, my Resentment is now turn'd to Pity, and I blush at thes Infamous Confirmation of your Wickedness.

Lucin.

Lucin. I rather believe 'em Companions of your own, brought hither on purpose to put some new affront upon me.

Sir J. Aery. No, Demme, Madam, if any thing should have brought us but you own Commands.

Vaun. Nothing begged, Madam, but your Commands, and our own Inclinations.

Lucin. My Commands! Impudent Reascal — Mr. *Bellamour*, this is a part below the Character of a Man of Honour; nither am I so destitute of Friends, but you may be call'd to a severe Account for it.

Bell. I doubt not but you have Bullies at Command as well as Fools; cunning Devil! This Disguise is too affected. Thus Women always turn Accusers, when they want an Excuse.

Lucin. Who's whithin there — call up the Servants — I will make Examples of these Fellows, or know the Truth.

Bell. Give not your self unnecessary trouble; when I am gone, all will be well, their Confession will but add to your Guilt. Confounded Woman! (*aside.*) O *Angelica*, my broken Vows to thee are well Reveng'd Farewel false *Lucinda*, I am asham'd of my past Weanefs, for one so Wicked.

Lucin. (*holds him*) Stay *Bellamour*, you shall not go till I am justify'd of this Inhuman Imputation, that you would fix upon me —

Bell. Nay, M. dam, you must not hold me — I leave you to your Fools, and will be one no more.

[*Breaks from her and Exit.*]

Vaun. Is he gone? Madam, are you sure he's gone?

[*Lucinda walks about in a Passion,*

Sir J. Aery. 'Tis well for him he is — Demme, had he stay'd a minute longer, I'd have minc'd him.

Vaun. Dear Madam, why this Passion now? 'Tis true, 'twould have vext any one to lose so much time thro' a Fellow's Impertinence: But begged you may be as free now as you please, here's no Body here, but Dear *Jack Aery*. and he and I are all one.

Sir J. Aery. 'Tis true, Madam, here's no Body here, but Dear *Vaunter*, and He and I are one Soul in two Bodies,

Lucin.

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Lucin. Apes and Monkeys.

Vaun. Be pleas'd Madam, to dispatch us, for I have promis'd to play at Ramp to Night, with some Ladies, and I would not beged disappoint the Ladies for the World.

Lucin. Whose within there ——— whose within ?

Enter Placket and Servants.

Place. Lord, Madam, What's the Matter ?

Lucin. How got these Fellows into the House ?

Place. Lord, Madam, how should I know ?

(aside.) As I live, the Strayes that I had pounded in my Ladies Closet.

Lucin. Let the Doors be better look'd to another time ; and let the Footmen tie these Fools Neck and Heels, till they discover upon what Errand they came hither.

Vaun. O Law, O Law, rather let the Footman show us the way down Stairs, and if you ever catch me in your House again, may I be damn'd.

Sir J. Aery. Ay, if ever you catch me in your House again, Ged-demme.

Lucin. I say, let them be ty'd Neck and Heels ——— carry 'em away. *[The Servants lay hold of 'em.]*

Sir J. Aery. O Dear Vaunter ! What will become of us.

Vaun. What curst unmerciful Croccadels are these Women ? *[Exeunt carried out.]*

Lucin. Take the Candles, and light to my Dressing-room. I have this Comfort under Bellamour's Jealousy of these Fools whom I hate, that Philabell whom I Love, will be less suspected.

*For tho' the slighted Rivals be reveal'd
The Man we Love, should be with Care conceal'd
Un-nam'd, unknown, he lies securely blest,
Safe in our Arms, and peaceably possess. [Exeunt.]*

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street before Lady Dorimen's Door.

Enter Angelica, Constantia, and Courtal, Brother to Constantia: Angelica reading a Challenge.

Ang. reading. **A**fter what pass between us Yesterday, you need not be surpriz'd to know that I am resolv'd to cut your Throat, in order to which, I require you to appoint your Place and Time.

(Speaks.) Very reasonable, truly.

(Reads.) I am impatient to try if you can be as brisk in the Field before an Enemy, as in a Ruel before the Ladies.

Bellamour.

(Speaks.) A very comfortable Salutation.

Const. And how you will bring your self off, I can't imagine, for my own part; as a Poet in a Play, when he has puzzled himself with a Plot, has recourse to supernatural Aids, and fetches down Mercury or Jupiter from Heaven, to set him right, so I have been forc'd to Conjure up my Brother here, who by the help of the Resemblance that is betwixt us, I hope may be able to satisfy my Mistress, and protect me from the Fury of their Relations.

Court. By the Description, Sister, you will stand more in need of a real Jupiter to satisfy Four such dreadful Termagants; one Man, nor one Dozen of Men will scarce be sufficient.

Const. Observe my Instructions, and fear nothing.

Court. A pretty Occupation indeed, to take up the Women you run down, and fight the Men you provoke.

Const. And does not the one make amends for the other?

Court. That's according as I like your Ladies; he that is backward to fight for a Woman, is a most unnatural Coward: Hunger and Love make every body valiant.

Ang. Now each to their several Project — — — Yes,

Bellamour

Bellamour, I will meet thee ——— hark, my Lady *Dorimen's* Door opens, let us go, that no Accident may hinder us.

O Love, be thou my Second, Fight for me,
Who have endur'd so many Wounds for thee:
When with his Weapon, pointed at my Heart,
The Traitor stands, let loose thy flying Dart,
Reduce the Rebel, and avenge my smart.
Whom Love befriends, is certain of Success,
Love made a Woman's Fool of Hercules.

As they go off, Enter Lady Dorimen and Placket.
Lady Dor. Alas he's so very Young.

Plac. Is that a Fault, Madam?

Lady Dor. Youth is necessary; but it has its Inconveniences too; young Men make great over-sights.

Plac. What have been these over-sights, that put your Ladyship so out of Humour?

Lady Dor. The Remembrance is insupportable.

Plac. Be pleas'd, Madam, to inform me, and I'll take care to instruct him better the next time, and give him a short Lesson or two in the Closet, before I bring him in to your Ladyship.

Lady Dor. Peace, I'll explain this Matter another time.

Enter Lucinda.

Niece, I have been waiting for you this Hour.

Lucin. I but just heard the Coach was ready, Madam. (To Placket.) Besure you look strictly to my Prisoners.

Lady Dor.. Call the Footman and bid the Coach come up to the Door.

Enter Frederick, holding Constantia by one Arm, and Courtall with the other.

Fred. By your leave, Gentlemen, I must expostulate this Matter a little farther. One of you has injur'd me, but the Devil take me if I can tell which 'tis.

Cons. If you don't know your own Enemies, I don't know how we should.

Fred. to Cons.] Pray, Sir, is not your Name Courtall?

Cons. No, Sir.

Fred. to Court.] Did you never make Love to my Sisters?

Court,

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Court. Not I, Sir, I vow to Gad; but if you have a Sister, Sir, that has any urgent Occasions ———

Conf. You need not press us, we are Gentlemen ———

Court. And will be Volunteers in a Lady's Service.

Fred. Damme, this Trick won't pass ——— what are you? Men or Devils.

Conf. Not Men, Sir, I assure you ———

Fred. Then I will so Conjure your Devilships.

[*Frederick draws, Courtall and Constantia draw.*]

Conf. Whatsoever we are, we are two to one, Sir.

Fred. One after another Gentlemen is fair.

Conf. Your Pardon, Sir, if you attack us, we must defend our selves.

Enter Bellamour.

Fred. seeing *Bell.*] Say you so, then here comes a Friend to set that Matter right; you shall be match'd I promise you; one of you must be the Man I look for, but since neither will confess, let both suffer.

[*Goes up to Bellamour, salute and whisper.*]

Court. to *Conf.*] Sister, make your Escape, and leave me to the Brunt; avoid the Peril, or resolve to discover your self.

Conf. What, leave my Friend in danger? Fye, I'll bring off all yer.

Bell. to *Fred.*] I confess, Sir, I came hither on an Errand of my own, of the same kind; however, be pleas'd to dispatch, I know not how to refuse the Office you desire.

(aside.) Damn'd Customs of Honour, that expose us to the Quarrels of every Body, as if our own were too few.

[*They advance.*]

Fred. Well, Gentlemen, now we shall try your mettle upon the Square.

Conf. Ha, ha, ha, why *Frederick* — ha, ha, ha, what Draw upon a Woman — upon your Mistress too — for shame — you a Man, ha, ha.

Fred. Hey Day! Upon a Woman! Upon my Mistress! What the Devil is all this!

Conf. Love they say is blind, have Lovers too no Eyes? Is it possible, that you cannot discover *Constantia* thro' any Disguise?

Fred. *Constantia.*

F

Conf.

Conf. Yes, dull Lover; where is now the Sympathy and the Instinct, by which you Men are always so ready to find us out? One of us is *Constantia*.

Bell. to Fred.] Have you any farther Service to Command me —

Fred. Mr. *Bellamour*, I am aſham'd of the Trouble I have given you —

Bell. There needs no Apology. —

[*Exit Bellamour.*]

Fred. I have heard indeed of ſo wonderful a Reſemblance between *Constantia* and a Twin-Brother, that by exchanging of Habits they have often impos'd upon their very Parents.

Conf. Lay aſide your Choler, and we will both go Home with you: Unriddle us, and take us among you.

Fred. With all my Heart, and if I don't find a Senſe for that, may all my Senſes forſake me.

Conf. Come along then *Oedipus*. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Aery and Vaunter ty'd.*]

Sir J. Aery. O *Vaunter*, *Vaunter*! What a miſerable Life is a Whoremasters?

Vaun. O Repentance! Why art thou never to be found but at the Gallows?

Sir J. Aery. Paſt Experience, might have reclaim'd us from the Folly of running after Adventures, but Human Nature is frail, and never takes warning.

Vaun. How often, alas! have I lain Sweating in a Cheſt, for fear of a jealous Husband, that came Home before he was expected: Or ſtood ſhrinking behind the Hanging which he has prob'd with his Naked Sword, and ſometimes run me through a Leg or an Arm, without daring to cry out?

Sir J. Aery. How often have I leapt out at a Window, with the Bullets of a Blunderbus whizzing round my Ears?

Vaun. How often have I been beaten with my own Ladder of Ropes?

Sir J. Aery. O the Knocks and the Bruiſes that I have endur'd!

Vaun. O the Claps and the Poxes that are not Cur'd to this Day!

Sir

Sir J. Aery. And now to be ty'd Neck and Heels in order to be Rob'd and Strip'd.

Vaun. To have our Throats Cut, and to be bury'd in a House of Office.

Sir J. Aery. Or at best to enter into Bonds for as much as we are worth.

Vaun. O Aery, and when our Estates are gone, what will be left us?

Sir J. Aery. Not a Man will keep us Company, for fear we should borrow Money of him.

Vaun. Not a Woman will suffer us, for they think all filthy Fellows that have not Estates.

Sir J. Aery. O Vaunter, Vaunter! What a miserable Life is a Whoremasters!

Enter Placket.

Plac. Well, Gentlemen, how do you do? Have you Pray'd?

Sir J. Aery. Yes, yes, we have pray'd ——— (*aside.*) That the Devil would take you and all that you belong to.

Plac. And Repented.

Vaun. And repented, heartily repented ———

Plac. And you will never more brag of Favours, that you never receiv'd? Nor swear when the Lady makes her Footmen Cudgel you, that her Husband caught you a Bed with her, and that you were beaten by his Order, and not hers, and that she sent a Present the next Morning to make you amends.

Sir J. Aery. O never, never.

Plac. Nor write Love-Letters to your selves, with this Countess, and that Dutcheff's Name, and drop 'em in Chocolate-houses.

Vaun. Never, never.

Plac. Nor when the draggle-tail Mask sends for you out from Chauvisses, swear that 'tis a great Lady that shall be nameless, that has stolen from her Lord, to spend the only half Hour of her Liberty with you, when all her Business is to borrow a Shilling to pay for her Coach, or to get a Glass of *Rosa solis* to drive out the Wind that blows a

Storm in her Guts, for want of having found a Fool to give her a Dinner.

Sir J. *Aery*. Never, as I hope to be sav'd, Ged demme.

Vaun. O, dear *Aery*, don't swear in this Time of Tribulation, think of your Soul, dear *Aery*, for God knows, we mayn't have long to live in this wicked World.

Plac. Lastly. Nor ever refuse your Money to honest Folks, that know how to make better use of it.

Both. Never, never, deliver us and take all we have.

Plac. Then each of you, give me a Bond for a hundred Pound, and be at Liberty.

Both. We will, we will.

[*She unties them.*]

Plac. There remains yet another Article : Which of you two is the Knight ?

Sir J. *Aery*. I am a Knight, Ged demme, a Knight Baronet ; and my Name's Sir *Jenn* — *Vaunter*, we may swear again, now we are out of Danger.

Vaun. Yes, beged. The Devil was sick, the Devil a Monk would be.

[*Cuts a Caper.*]

Sir J. *Aery*. The Devil was well, the Devil a Monk was he, Ged demme !

[*Cuts a Caper.*]

Plac. Your Father was a Pimp, and was Knighted for his Services. I know your Pedigree, why then — Sir *Jenn* — to be short, my Fortune h's been told me, that I should be a Lady — You must Marry me.

Sir J. *Aery*. Tie me Neck and Heels again, tie me Neck and Heels. Gad-zoons, what marry a Chamber-maid ?

Plac. A Chamber-maid, saucy Fellow : I have known a Lord marry a Sempstrefs.

Vaun. O, *Aery*, dear *Aery*, this comes of Swearing so soon. A heavy Judgment for thy Sins, well, I will never swear nor be wicked, but when I am sure I'm so safe, that no harm can come on't.

Plac. Well, Sir Knight, you may be worse offer'd. And I don't know but the Punishment might be more to my self than you. Wherefore, on Condition that you add another hundred to your Bond, you shall go free.

Sir J. *Aery*. With all my Heart, dear Soul ; Ged demme, and a very good Bargain.

Plac.

Plac. Come in then, and Sign and Seal; but if ever you say one word of these Bonds, most certainly your Throats shall be cut.

Both. Not one word, God demme, begged.

Plac. You are likewise to declare before Company, that you came hither by Mistake. That you took this House for another, and that no Body here sent for you.

Vaun. But, tell us truly: Were not we sent for? Did not you meet us at the Door? Lead us up Stairs? Lock us into a Closet? And divert your self you know how, most unconscionably with us for near two Hours ———

Plac. Impudent Fellow; did I ever see your Faces before ——— I'll call the Footmen, you shall be ty'd Neck and Heels again, you shall.

Sir J. Aery. Why then 'twas the oddest Dream that ever I had in my Life; and I believe we came hither in our Sleep.

Plac. Why so you did. I never knew such a couple of lying Fellows.

Sir J. Aery. aside.] Nor I such an impudent Bawd, God demme, but I dare not tell her so.

Vaun. 'Twas all a Dream, that's certain: And so we'll swear any thing that's put in our Mouths.

Plac. Come in then, and perform Covenants; 'tis a charitable Office I am doing: Fools must be bitten to be made wise.

Sir J. Aery to Vaun.] Would we were well off this Business; and I'll swear I have lain with all the Family round, God demme.

Vaun. And so will I, begged.

[*Exeunt with Placket.*]

Enter Angelica in Women's Apparel, and Musk'd, at one Door, and Bellamour at the other.

Ang. Sir, I must entreat you to take some other Walk. This Place I have chosen for an Adventure of my own.

Bell. Had you not prevented me, Madam, I must have made you the same Request. This very Place, is to determine of my good or bad Fortune for ever.

Ang. I wish I could oblige you. But the Repose or Disquiet of my whole Life is absolutely concern'd.

Bell. My Honour is engag'd.

Ang.

Ang. And so is mine.

Bell. Your Pleasure it may be. A Vizard and talk of Honour; Why is that Sign set out, but to invite Passengers in? A Mask to a Woman, is like a House with a Bush, the Ensign of publick Reception.

Ang. To be short, Sir, I expect to be obey'd, and have a Rendezvous here, that admits of no Spectators.

Bell. To be short, Madam, I am to fight a Duel on this very Spot: If you are not afraid to see Swords drawn, and Throats cut, you may stay ——— I shall begin to make ready. [*Unbuttons.*]

Ang. Sure, Sir, you don't use to strip before Ladies.

Bell. Yes, stark naked, if I thought 'twould frighten you.

Ang. Why do, strip, I have seen many a Curiosity, but never saw a naked Man in my Life.

Bell. aside, observing her.] She makes me almost forget that I was angry. There is somewhat in that Shape, and those Motions that raise other Desires, than those I came hither to satisfy ——— An Air, that methinks I have seen before ———

Ang. You are considering I see, I hope 'tis to comply and be reasonable.

Bell. I perceive, Madam, you are resolv'd to be obey'd, and it is but just indeed, that the Men give way to the Ladies: But then in recompence for the Sacrifice, I make you of my Honour, you must please to unmask, and let me know for whose sake I do my self this Violence.

Ang. I vow Mr. Bellamour, my Misfortune is very great, since you ask nothing but what I am 'tnder an Obligation, not to grant.

Bell. It seems you know me too; this heightens my Curiosity, and I am now confirm'd, not to leave the Place upon any other condition.

Ang. If I thought I could revenge my Sex's Quarrel, to you, by the Sight, for an Injury you have done a Friend of mine, I would then show you my Face. Methinks you should walk the Streets in Armour: I wonder you are not afraid to be torn to pieces after so known a Treachery

Angelica.

Bell.

Bell. That Treachery has been sufficiently reveng'd already by another Treachery —

Ang. May Traytors never meet, but with Traytors: Whoever betray, may they be always betray'd.

Bell. If you think the Vengeance not yet perfect, compleat it by showing me your Face: It is certain your Eyes cannot be employ'd in vain: You have too many Charms to be hid by a Mask; and those that do discover themselves, in spite of the Care you take to conceal 'em, have in a moment, begun what you wish. Behold —
I am ready for Execution, unmask and give the Blow.

Ang. Why then prepare for your Doom. And may you be a true Prophet, I beseech Heaven.
Are you prepar'd!

Bell. Yes, Madam, and prepar'd to see somewhat that's very surprizing.

Ang. Surprizing indeed. (*Unmasks.*) You start:

Bell. *Angelica!*

Ang. Yes, perjur'd *Bellamour*, it is *Angelica*, the Credulous *Angelica*; whom you so basely, and so ungratefully have betray'd: And who in a Disguise, unworthy her Quality, or the Modesty of her Sex, has been a Witness to all your Perjuries. 'Tis that *Angelica* whose Heart ye came hither to pierce. Behold that Heart, and with a Resolution worthy the rest of your Treacheries, Pierce, Perfidious Man, Pierce it boldly: See, 'tis unguarded for the Blow. Alas! but a little longer, and it had broke with the Weight of Injuries that oppress it. Why stand you mute? Where is your Courage fled? Why is not your Sword employ'd, that you have held twice to my Breast, with a Rage so generous? Behold, here is the Enemy you expected.

Bell. O, raise not my Confusion with Reproaches, so tender and so just: Alas! If you could look into my Breast, you would find your self, if it be possible, enough reveng'd by the Shame and Remorse that overwhelms me. (*Kneeling.*) Thus prostrate, the Vilest Criminals have leave, in token of Repentance, to approach the Heaven they have offended; if I may yet expect any thing from a Bounty so abus'd. Oh! forgive your kneeling Penitent. For 'tis resolv'd, and irrevocably

irrevocably fix'd in this perjur'd Heart, either you must forgive, or with this Sword that was brought hither to be employ'd against you, I will wash away my Guilt, and pardon'd be, or pity'd! (*She turns from him*). Ah! turn not so disdainfully away; *Azelica, Angelica*, thus will I haunt you ever: Thus following on my Knees for Mercy: What has my Folly lost! I have consum'd a vast Estate, and Sums immense, in search of Toys unprofitable and airy Treasures: I have forfeited a promis'd Heaven, to reach at Fruit, scarce worth the plucking. You Weep — Are they for me; those Tears? Then Weep again, give Pity a full Entrance: Where there is Pity, sure there will be Mercy.

Ang. Rise *Bellamour*. As I have Reason, so have I now Opportunity of being Cruel. But one who has already been guilty of so many Weaknesses on your Account, may be easily persuaded to another. Yes, *Bellamour*, I will forgive, but must be cautious ever how I trust you any more: We should take care how we confide a second time, having been once betray'd!

Bell. Then let me Kneel again, and Swear —

Ang. No more — I forgive all Faults that are past — But if there are any more to come — Alas! I shall forgive them too.

Bell. False are the Tales so often told of Womens Perjuries: The Spight and Malice of detracting Men; base, base Aspersions all and false; or were they true, such Goodness might atone for all.

Enter Lady Dorimen, Lucinda, Sir Toby, Philabel and Placket.

Sir Toby. So close! What Billing in open Street at Noon-day? Adzooks, there's an impudent Whoremaster.

Phil. What Proofs would you have more of his Inconstancy?

Lucin. They were much to blame, Mr. *Bellamour*; Who gave me notice of your Infidelities — What at the Feet of a new Mistress?

Bell. My Mistress and my Guardian Angel, when you know who she is; I doubt not but we shall all be Friends.

Lady

Lady Dor. Indeed you have made a good Choice; she's very Handsome. But sure I have seen something very resembling that Face before.

Plac. As I live, Madam; your little Spark in Petticoats.

Lady Dor. It cannot be.

Phil. What strange Metamorphosis?

Sir Toby. My little Son of Love become a Daughter.

Ang. A Daughter indeed, and now the Mysteries all out; I am my self that injur'd *Angelica*, of whom I told you. I had no other way to do my self right, but by this manner of Proceeding. Wherefore, Sir, I hope you will excuse me, and not deny me your Blessing.

Sir Toby. Adzooks no more, I won't; thou hast it Child; why this was such a *hocus pocus*, to make thy old Daddy at his Years and Experience, not to know a Man from a Woman. To Pose him in his Rudiments, in the Masculin and Feminin Gender. Adzooks! I'll double and treble thy Portion for thy Wit.

Lady Dor. For my part, Madam, I ever found an invincible Inclination to Love you. Pray give me leave to embrace you.

Lucin. Now your Breeches are off, I may desire a Share in your Friendship, I hope, without making any one Jealous.

Bell. That Reproach is a remembrance to me, that I am to beg Pardon of all this Company, whom I desire to forget what has past, and to look on me, no longer as an Enemy.

Phil. I suppose now we are all satisfied! Mr. *Bellamour* is as much to be valu'd as a Friend, as to be fear'd as an Enemy.

Lucin. Before I sign to this general Reconciliation, I must have a publick clearing of some Passages last Night. *Placket*, go fetch your Prisoners.

Bell. It needs not, Madam; my Passion made me too Credulous. Those Fools I know, go every where uninvited, and their Forwardness never waits for Encouragement.

[*Placket* brings in *Aery* and *Vaunter*.]

Plac. to them. Remember your Lesson, as you hope to save you Ears and your Noses.

Sir

70 *The SHE-GALLANTS.*

Sir J. Aery. I'll warrant you; if we have not Memory, we have nothing.

Lucin. Well, Gentlemen, have you call'd to mind what brought you hither last Night?

Sir J. Aery. Yes, Madam, and we beg Ten Thousand Pardons for our Mistake. But having receiv'd Intelligence, Ged demme from a very beautiful Lady that lives next Door

Phil. Next Door, Sir, I have a Relation lives there, a very virtuous Lady, have a care what you say.

Sir J. Aery. O Law! What shall I say now? I don't mean, Sir, Ged demme the next Door, where your virtuous Kinswoman lives, but t'other next Door, where you have no Relations; there are two next Doors.

Vaun. Well brought off, dear *Aery*, beged; thou'rt an Angel Ged demme!

Lucin. A Chandler's Shop; there is not a Woman in the House under Fourscore.

Sir J. Aery. No matter for that, you shan't think to pump me so. But as I was saying, upon a small Item of the Lady's Affection, my Dear *Vaunter* and I intended a civil Visit; but the nearness of the Houses, and the Dusk of the Evening, occasion'd the unhappy Mistake, that has made us fall under your Ladyship's Displeasure. And this now is the Truth, Ged demme, as I hope to be sav'd.

Vaun. Ay, beged, this is the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.

Lucin. This is all we had a mind to know; Gentlemen, you are Prisoners no longer.

Lady Dor. 'Tis sufficient we are all clear'd.

Bell. There needed not this strict Examination, my own Reason had convinc'd me before.

Sir J. Aery to Lucinda. I hope, Madam, this unfortunate Accident has occasion'd no Breach between your Ladyship and *Bellamour*; Ged demme *Bellamour*, thou hast no Reason, for as I hope to be sav'd, there has nothing past between us, but a few Smiles or so — Ged demme if I ever meant to make any thing out.

Bell. I believe you, Sir.

Phil.

Phil. to *Lucin.*] You have acquitted these Prisoners, Madam, when is my Sentence to come, and how long must I languish for your Mercy?

Sir Toby. Silence gives consent; and that pretty fly Gloat with the Eyes; Oons, if Women had no Eyes, we should never know when to believe 'em.

Lucin. It were no matter, if all Mankind were blind, they are such malicious Observers; your wicked Consequences scarce allow poor Women the use of their Eyes; and we hardly dare open them for fear of some forc'd Ill-natur'd Interpretation.

Sir Toby. Your Pardon, Madam; I meant not to offend.

Faun. All this looks exceedingly like Coupling, begged, what are you all going to play the Fool and Marry?

Phil. If the Ladies please, Sir, 'tis a venture, we are all willing to run.

Ang. Call it not a venture; our Inclinations have been so try'd and prov'd, there seems to be no hazard.

Sir Toby. I hope so too Adzooks; but 'tis still a Venture, for 'tis well known, that Women are strange changeable Things.

Ang. That which is often thought Change in us, is for the most part Provocation, to be reveng'd. Men are generally the Aggressors, and Women must have a great stock of Patience and Virtue, to resist the Provocations that are daily given 'em by their Husbands.

Lucin. If you examine strictly into the Miscarriage of most Wives, you will find 'em grounded upon the neglect of their Husbands, and the ill Usage they receive, more than their own Inclinations to Evil.

Lady Dor. Resentment has made more Cuckolds than Inconstancy: Women are naturally Fond and Faithful; but they are Revengeful, and of all Provocations, Neglect is the greatest.

Ang. It is not therefore to us, but to themselves, that they owe their Misfortunes. When we are injur'd, we are no longer our selves; Disdain and Resentment oppress our Virtue, and in that Moment, a slight Temptation shall prevail with those who had before resisted the strongest.

Lady

Lady Dor. Not but there are many whom nothing can entice or provoke from their Duty.

Phil. The most preposterous Abuse in Marriage is, when upon Agreement of Friends, two that know nothing of one anothers Minds, are to lye together at first Sight; this, as to the World, is coming together Honourably: A Woman that is sold for all her Life long, is a Wife; and she that is sold but for a quarter of an Hour, is a Prostitute.

Bell. The Misfortunes in Marriage have other Causes besides; proceeding not only from the Avarice of Parents, who force their Children for Interest or some private Consideration, to Marry, tho' never so averse themselves: But from our own Ambition, preferring an Alliance or a Portion without examining the Person; or from a rash Fancy raken at first Sight, and pursu'd without consulting our Judgment.

Phil. But when Love is kept within the Bounds of Prudence and Discretion arising from Esteem, repaid with Tenderneſs, maintain'd by Innocence and Fidelity; 'tis then a Divine Extasy; the Fountain and Author of Peace, Tranquility and Unutterable Joy.

Sir Toby. But why Adzooks is not this Divine Extasy to be found without Marrying?

Ang. No, for what offends the Conscience, destroys the Tranquility; and nothing that must be repented of, can be call'd Happy or Wise.

Bell. They who are Rich by indirect Means, or Great by evil Practices, or enjoy forbidden Loves, are all miserable at the Bottom.

Phil. Innocence is the Foundation of true Joy, and without it all Possessions are imperfect.

Ang. Marriage is therefore necessary to perfect the Felicities of Love; and I appeal to their Consciences, Men and Women, who follow unlawful Pleasures, if they have not at some times, uneasy Moments: And whoever have any thing, at any time, to reproach their Consciences withal, cannot be said to be happy.

Vaun. And is this all your Opinions?

(*All.*) All, all.

Vaun.

Vaun. Why then, begged, I'll get me a Wife as soon as I can.

Sir J. Aery. Ged demme a mighty pretty Woman, and a great Fortune, not an Hour ago, would have forc'd me to marry her, and begged I refus'd!

Plac. to Aery.] That mighty pretty Woman and a great Fortune is still at your Service.

Sir J. Aery. to Plac.] Peace, Peace, don't disgrace me, and thou sha't have more Money. As I was saying, the Handsom'st Woman in England, is in Love with me; and I'll give my Consent before I Sleep.

Enter Courtall Fighting and Retreating before Frederick, Constantia, her Peruke off, and her Hair about her Ears, pull'd in by Diana, Melissa, Dorinda, Miranda. Fred. Foot'd, Cheated, Abus'd

All the Sisters.] Pull her to pieces ——— to pieces, with this Succubus ——— this She-Devil.

Consf. Help, help, ——— I shall be devour'd by these Harpies, turn *Frederick*, *Constantia* kneels; now to you. Oh spare the Brother of *Constantia*, Oh Succour the Distress'd *Constantia*. *[The Company all interpose.]*

Sir Toby. Adzooks what strange hurly burly have we now?

Phil. More Wonders! More Transformation of Sexes!

Bell. Why *Frederick*, what new Mistake is this? I thought I had left this Matter in a way to be reconcil'd.

Fred. Faith so I thought too; but new Mistakes have happen'd.

Court. Since through your Impatience and your Sisters, so thorow a Discovery has been made: 'Twere Folly to pursue this Jest any farther; *Constantia*, 'tis time to Surrender, take Possession *Frederick*, and use your Discretion.

Sisters. We'll not part with her so, if you will have her, you shall have her Piecemeal ——— Vile Impostor, to put the Man upon us so.

Sir Toby. Not to put the Man upon you, Adzooks, there was the Devil.

Ang. These were very Innocent Ladies, not to know Man from a Woman.

G

Dia.

Dia. I doubt not, Madam, but you have been better instructed a long time.

Fred. Sisters, pray an Exchange of Prisoners; what say you *Courtal*, are you willing to redeem your Sister, by putting your self in her Place?

Court. I think as a good Christian, I ought to make the Ladies Reparation for so many provoking Disappointments.

Fred. What says *Constantia*, is she willing?

Consf. Necessity has no Law; I am for surrendering to the Power that can protect me.

Fred. In my Hands you shall never want Protection.

[*Frederick takes Constantia's Hand, his Sisters thrust her to him.*]

Mrl. There take her, she's more for your purpose than ours. [*Constantia thrusts her Brother at them.*]

Consf. And there take him, whose more for your Purpose than I.

Fred. O *Constantia*! I will so sweetly revenge my self.

Bell. Mr. *Vaunter*; Sir *John*, there are Wives for you, make your Addresses.

Vaun. Very pretty Ladies, begged.

[*They Address to their Sisters.*]

Sir J. Aery. Demme, very pretty, Ladies, your humble Servant.

Lady Dor. So wonderful a Resemblance I never saw. Well for my part, after so many Mistakes, never more will I believe any Man the more a Man by his outside, as the Beard makes not the Philosopher, so the Breeches makes not the Man, that's certain.

*Cowards in Scarlet, pass for Men of War,
And the Grave Fool, does often Wise appear.*

Trust not Appearances; not Two in Ten

Deserve the generous Name of Women's Men.

Aug. As your Ladyship's Disappointments are a Lesson to the Ladies, not to trust too much to Appearances,

so may my Victory serve to inform Mankind, that
whosoever has once entertain'd a real Passion, can never
so entirely dispossess himself, but the Woman, if she pleases,
may reclaim him. There is always left a Foundation
to work upon; and a Weakness which he himself does
not suspect, 'till he is brought to the Tryal.

*Who once has lov'd, tries to get loose in vain,
The Feet but slowly move, that drag a Chain.
Whom Irons Clog, we may 'v o're't with Ease,
None can be free, unless the Victors, Please.*



EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

2 JY 50

I Who have been the Poets Spark to Day,
Will now appear the Champion of his Play.
Know all, that would pretend to my good Grace,
I mortally dislike a damning Face:
Pleas'd or displeas'd; no matter now, 'tis past.
The first that dares be angry breaths his last.
Who shall presume to doubt my Will and Pleasure,
Him I defy to send his Weapons measure?
If War you chuse, and Blood must needs be spilt here;
By Jove, let me alone to match your Tilter.
I'll give you Satisfaction if I can,
Death! 'tis not the first time I have kill'd my Man.
On pain of being posted to your Sorrow,
Fail not at Four to meet me here to Morrow.



E.